



THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 13 June 1962





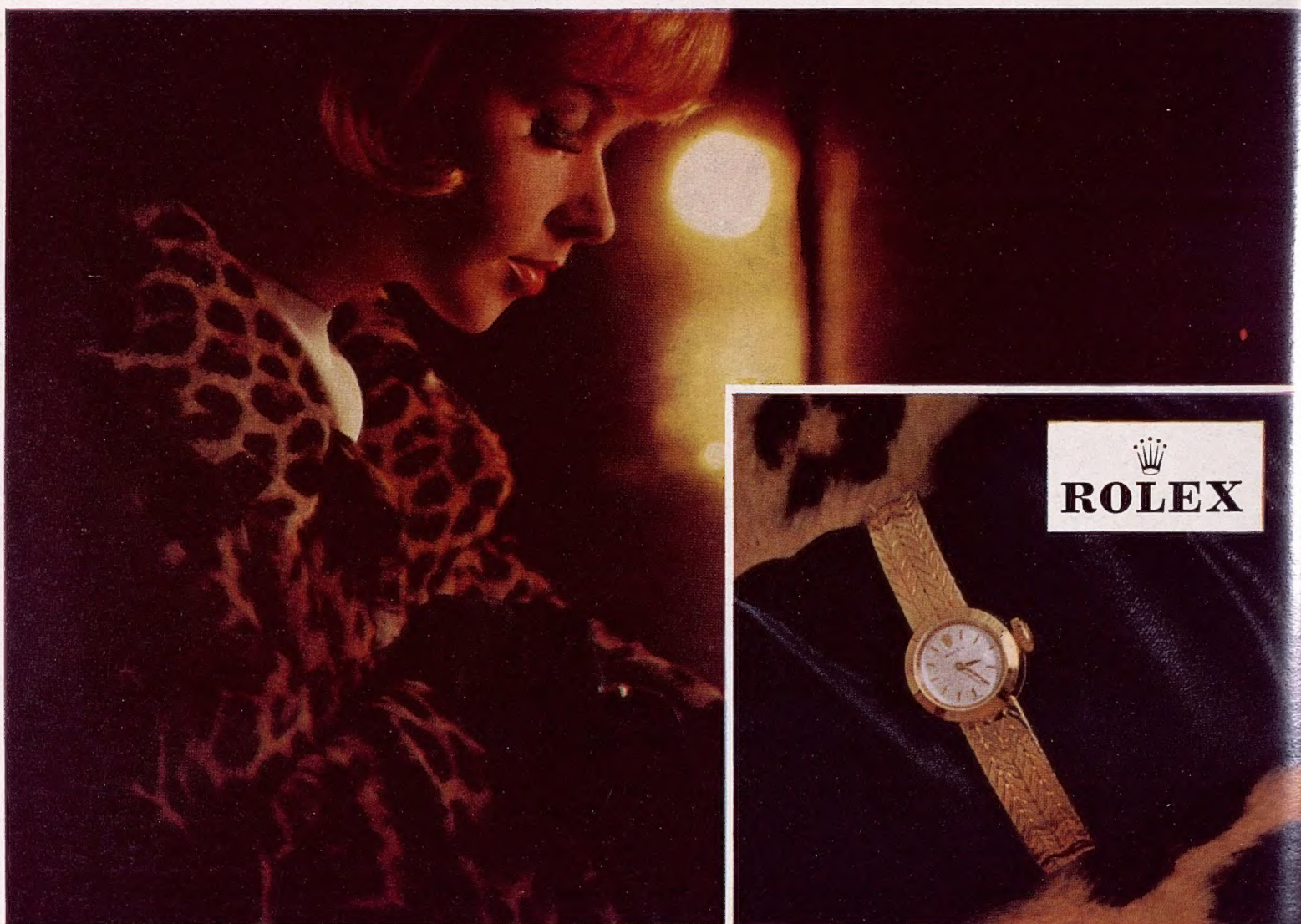
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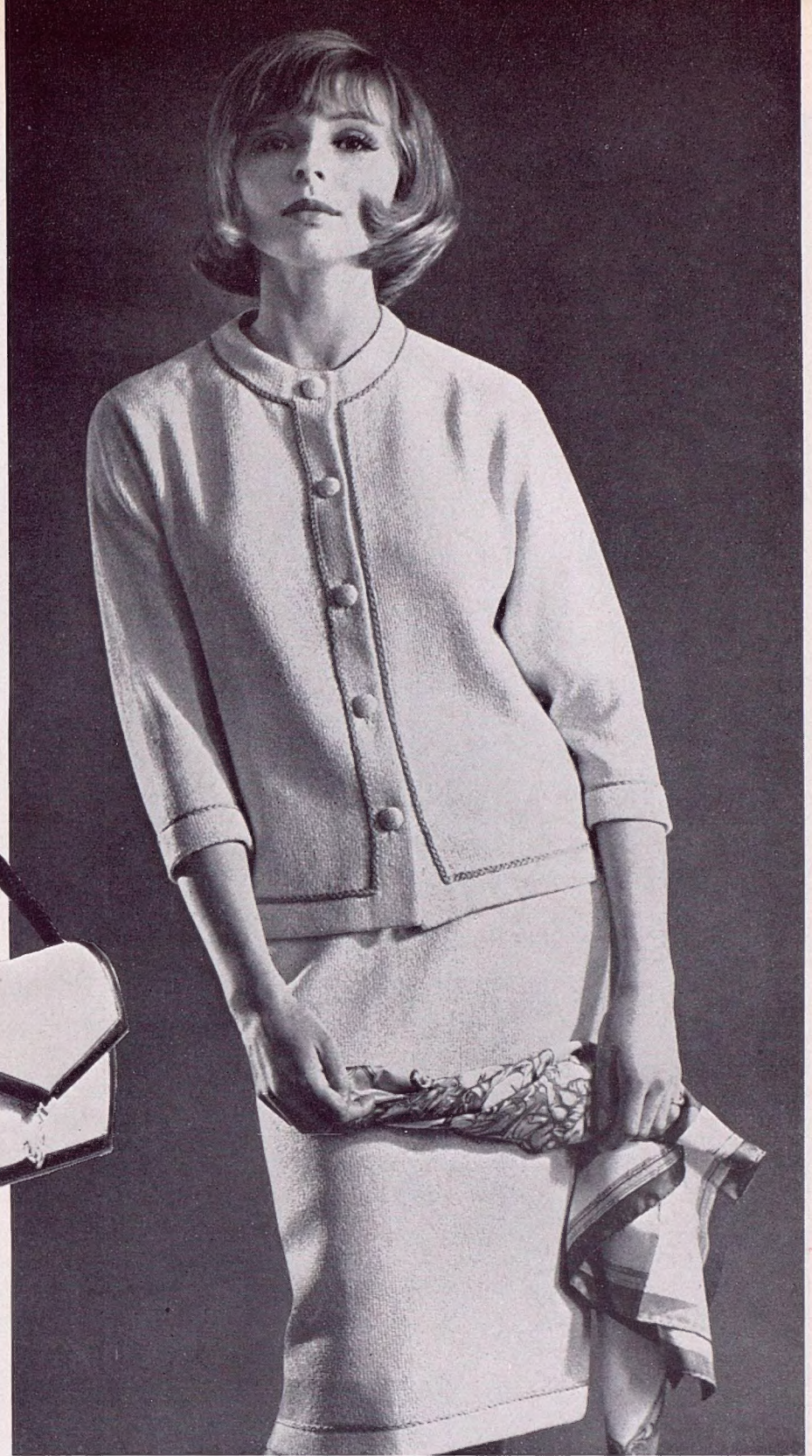
GARRARD The Crown Jewellers

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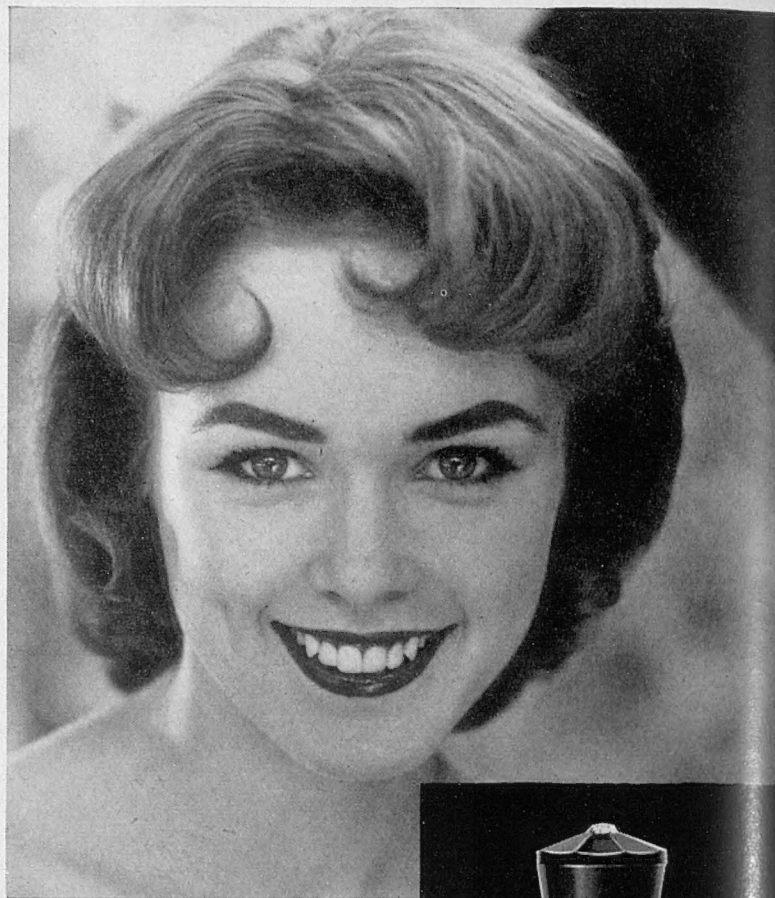
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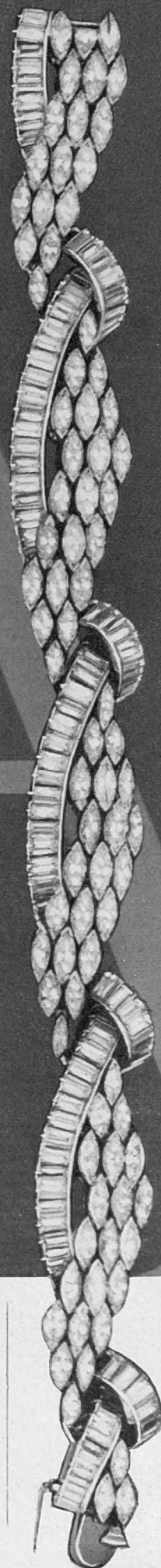
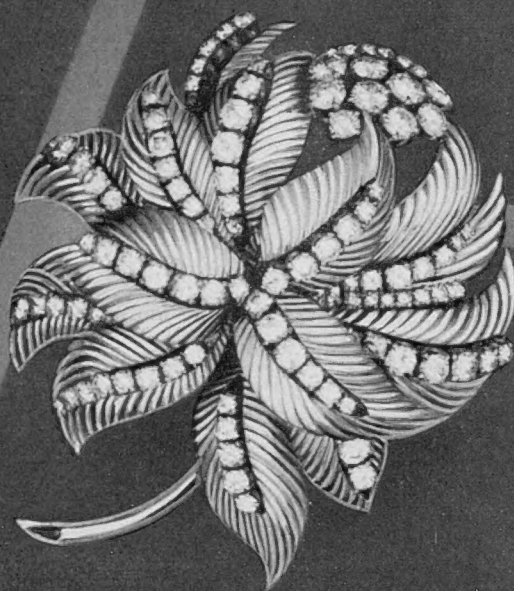
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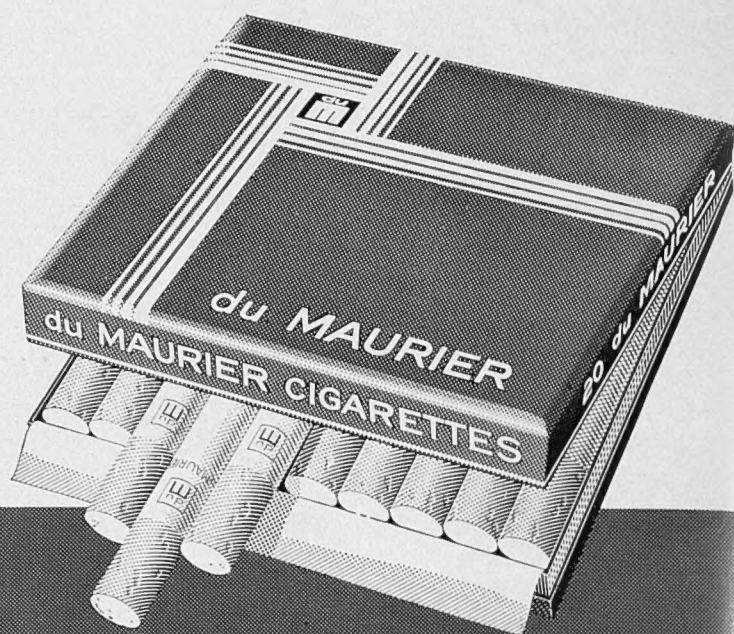
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BIG EXTRA For the first time ever Austin offer *fully automatic transmission* in a car of this class. With the new Borg Warner 35 system you simply relax and steer. No gear shift; no clutch pedal. The price of this piece of self-indulgence is very modest.

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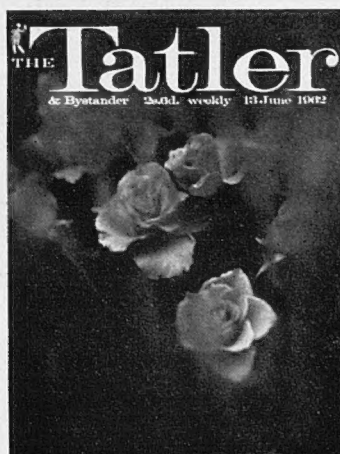
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

13 JUNE, 1962

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Dusky yet luminous, with that special quality of mystery that photographer Eugene Laurents has made his own, the yellow hybrid tea roses on the cover are being duplicated a million times over in English gardens this month. Rose expert Geoffrey Fletcher writes about the hybrid teas in his fortnightly article on page 703. More items with a summer flavour include a fashion section called Heat-wave black, Counter Spy on Central Cooling and a refreshing feature on hot-weather drinking by wine writer Pamela Vandyke Price

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Queen & Prince Philip attend a service for the Order of the Garter at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 18 June.

Royal Ascot, 19-22 June.

Guards Boat Club Ascot Ball, Maidenhead, 20 June.

Prince Philip will attend the Aldeburgh Festival, Suffolk, 14 June.

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend the Bath Festival, Somerset, 15, 16, 17 June.

Golf: Amateur Championship at Royal Liverpool Course, Hoylake, Cheshire, to 16 June.

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House, to 18 June.

Army Sailing Association Regatta, Seaview, I.O.W., 14, 15 June.

Cotswold Hunt Summer Dance, Stowell Park, 15 June.

Medical Society Summer Ball, Hurlingham Club, 18 June, in aid of Imperial Cancer Research Fund. (Tickets: double £4 4s. (students £3 3s.) inc. buffet supper, from the Ball Secretary, St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, Paddington, W.2.)

"Suggestions," entertainment in aid of the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, King

George's Theatre Hall, Y.M.C.A., Gt. Russell St., 22 June. (Tickets, 25s., 15s., 7s. 6d. from Mr. A. J. B. Temple, Oxfam, 47 Graham Terrace, S.W.1. SLO 5121.)

House of Commons Yacht Club v. Bembridge Sailing Club, 23 June.

All-England Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 25 June -7 July.

MAY & COMMEMORATION BALLS

Clare College May Ball, Cambridge, 18 June.

Pembroke College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

St. John's College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

Jesus College May Ball, Cambridge, 19 June.

King's College May Ball, Cambridge, 20 June.

Queen's College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

University College Summer Ball, Oxford, 22 June.

New College Commemoration Ball, Oxford, 25 June.

Oriel College Commemoration Ball, Oxford, 27 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Beverley, Brighton, today & 14; Manchester, 14-16; Ayr, Bath, Sandown Park, 15, 16; Newmarket, 16; Leicester, Lewes, 18; Royal Ascot, 19-22; Ripon, 20 June.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Britten), tonight (last perf.); *L'Heure Espagnol*, *Erwartung*, *Gianni Schicchi*, 16, 19, 21 June; *King Priam* (Tippett), 18 June. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Patineurs*, *Symphonic Variations*, *The Firebird*, 14 June; *Les*



ERICH AUERBACH

Carlo-Maria Giulini will conduct Sunday's concert at the Royal Festival Hall by the Philharmonia Orchestra and Artur Schnabel.

Patineurs, *Giselle*, 15 June; *Les Patineurs*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Le Baiser De La Fée*, 20 June. 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Mikado*, to 23 June. 7.30 p.m., Sat. mat. 2.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3).

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Light Music Festival, 16, 23 June; Jazz Concert, with Chris Barber's Jazz Band and Johnny Dankworth & His Orchestra, 8 p.m., 15 June (WAT 3191).

Celebrity Concert, Kenwood House: Paul Tortelier (cello), Ernest Lush (piano), 7.30 p.m., 17 June.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

Ecole de Paris Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 17 June.

Drawings from the Bruce Ingram Collection, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 16 August.

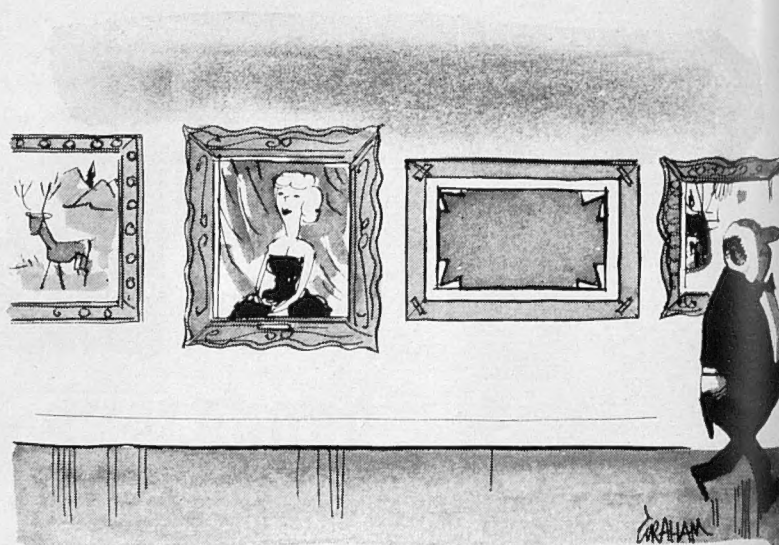
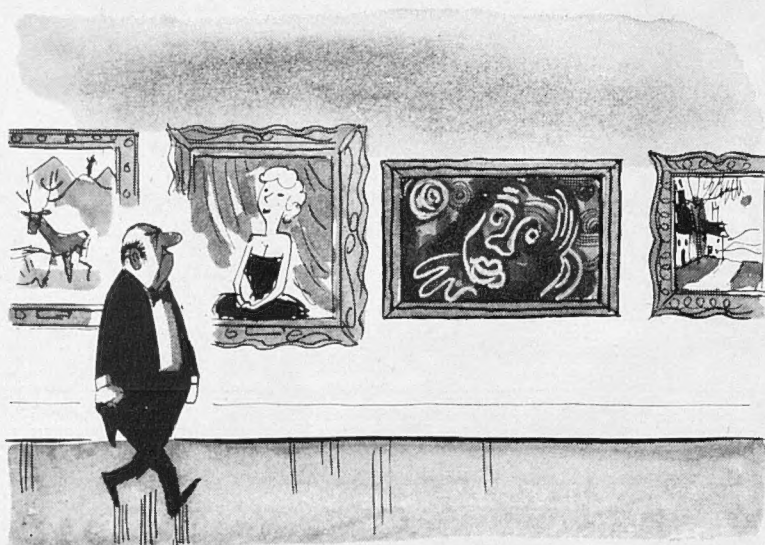
Francis Bacon paintings, Tate Gallery, to 1 July.

Bourdelle sculptures, Kaplan Gallery, to 23 June.

FIRST NIGHT

Old Vic. *War & Peace*, 14 June.

BRIGGS by Graham





ERICH AUERBACH

Above: Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hephzibah will be among the soloists at tomorrow's opening of the Bath Festival



PHOTOGRAPHS: NEWELL SMITH

Jan Smeterlin will play Chopin at the Coventry Cathedral Festival tomorrow. Smeterlin, who gave his first public concert at eight, now lives in Kensington where he is seen again (left) with his wife Edith standing before an embroidered panel which they found in China

GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Two distinguished figures in the world of music take time out to listen to a speech by a non-musician. Singer Lili Kraus and conductor Colin Davis were listening to Earl Russell at the Royal Festival Hall after taking part in a concert to celebrate the philosopher's 90th birthday. Mr. Davis conducted the London Symphony Orchestra with Miss Kraus as soloist



ALEX LOW

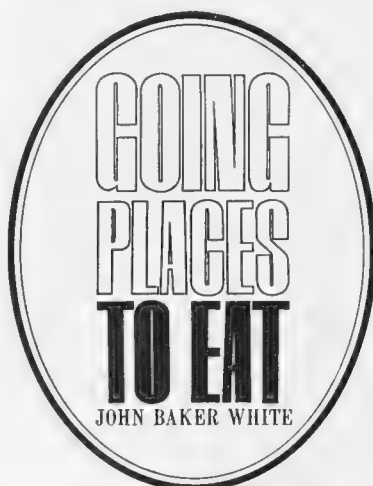
Soho summitry

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Number Four, 4 Greek Street (Soho Square end). (GER 0726.) C.S. New, and not at all in the usual Soho pattern. Very elegant, in fact, with olive-green satin wall-covering and gold roses on Regency Chinese frames. The food is of as high quality as the get-up of the restaurant. The specialities include seafood tartlets as a first course, fillet of sole with cream shrimp sauce, and duckling Grand Marnier. Allow from 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. for the first course, with the main ranging from 11s. 6d. for *Boeuf Bourguignon* to 21s. for *Tournedos à la Périgourdine*. Mr. Stafford has chosen his wine list with care and skill. You can drink a 1924 claret, if you so wish, at 60s., or a Corton Charlemagne 1957 for 30s. 6d. Our choice was a 1955 Château Batailley Pauillac at 23s. 6d. I am sure that this restaurant will be a favourite with young people. W.B.

Isola Bella, 15 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 3911.) C.S. As you enter this restaurant, distinguished by its smart black & white frontage, you will notice a large glass box containing *pâtés*, asparagus, smoked sausages, salads and butter. They have one thing in common; all are of the highest quality. So naturally is the cooking, for example the *osso buco*, which is a good test of an Italian restaurant. The wine list is well-chosen, the service



good and friendly. Don't expect it to be cheap, the highest quality ingredients never are. I would allow about 25s. per head, without wine. The coffee is first-class.

What I have written above is much the same as the notes my mother made after we had dined there 33 years ago, except, of course, the cost. Then we drank a Brolio Rosso 1916. W.B.

A.12 top-up

Travelling between London, Colchester, Ipswich and beyond, the **Sun Inn** at Kelvedon in Essex (Tel. 442) is a jolly good stop for luncheon or dinner, but it is wise to book a table, especially at weekends. The cooking is both French and English—we had *quenelles*, *sauce Nantua*, followed by baby lamb—all of high quality, as are the wines. Prices are most reasonable, and our bill for two without drink was 27s. The house is very old and both the bar and

dining-room are a mirror to Mr. & Mrs. Lester Howell's good taste.

Wine note

The champagne firm of Perrier-Jouet recently celebrated its 150th anniversary with the 1955 vintage, and excellent it was, too. The occasion, at the National Sporting Club, Café Royal, was made even more amiable by the presence of "Patron" Maigret, Rupert Davies, who made a short and witty speech, and of Miss Rita Froggett, who won the nation-wide competition for the girl in the licensed trade who resembles most closely Suzon, in Manet's famous painting *The Bar at the Folies-Bergère*. The likeness is quite remarkable. M. Michel Budin, *directeur technique* of Perrier-Jouet, regards the 1955 wine as one of their best.

... and a reminder

Williamson's Tavern, Groveland Court, Bow Lane, off Cheapside. (CRR 6280.) Good place to take a friend from overseas

Le Rouge Et Le Noir, 31 Pelham Street. (KEN 0780.) Under new ownership, pleasant, simple and not expensive.

The Octopus, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Open 7 p.m. to midnight. Lottie of Kyrenia is back in business—and you can get octopus.

The Dorchester, Park Lane. One of the diminishing number of places where it is possible to take tea with comfort and dignity.

CABARET CALENDAR

Talk of the Town (REG 5051).

Lisa Kirk from Broadway has the solo cabaret spot, backed by the Four Saints. At 10 o'clock, Fantastico, glamour revue

Pigalle (REG 7746). In the Winifred Atwell Spectacular the pianist tops a bill with a cast of 50

Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet play, with vocalist Susan Maughan. The cabaret also features Boscoe Holder and Gay Craig

Room at the Top (ILF 4455). Off-beat revue, directed by Stephen Vinaver, Nearer the Top, with Clemance Bettany

Winston's Club (REG 5411). Danny la Rue stars in Winston's Night Flight, with Anne Hart & Ronnie Corbett

Hungaria (WHI 4222). Carmila

Blue Angel (MAY 1443). Frankie Howerd in his first-ever cabaret date



Jill Day is singing at the Society restaurant for the next four weeks

BLISSFUL Beachwear

Here are beach clothes to charm the sun out of the clouds and you into that precious mood of holiday joie-de-vivre! On or off the beach, they will adapt themselves to the varied demands of seaside living—with the subtle unstudied elegance so desirable in holiday clothes.

(top left)

Casual jacket and trousers in Tricel and cotton, with the appearance of denim yet soft and pleasant to the touch. Drip-dry and crease-resistant too! Navy, yellow, rose-pink or ocean-blue.

Jacket: Bust sizes 34 to 40 89/6

Slacks: Waist sizes 24 to 30 78/6

(left)

Beach tunic in Horrockses' towelling, lightweight and versatile: slip it on over your swimsuit; open it flat to sunbathe on (as shown with girl in swimsuit) or use it as a towel. Yellow, green or blue spots with black on white; plain white or royal.

W size 68/6 OS 78/6

(below)

Exclusive to us: Caprice swimsuit in Helanca, wonderfully cut and worked. Very low back, pre-formed bra, built-in tummy control.

Light-navy edged with white, also a lovely paintbox print, predominantly blue and orange. Or plain black.

Bust sizes 36, 38, 40 9 gns

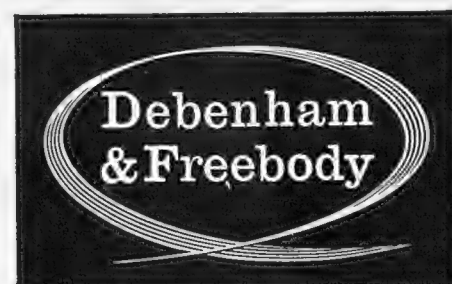
Kleinert's fashion swimcap—for perfect comfort and absolutely no hair-drag. In white 23/6

Also two-coloured—white/blue or white/black 31 6

Post and packing 1/-

Beach hat illustrated is from the beachwear department for Personal Shoppers only and prices range from 49/6

Post and packing 2/- on all Beachwear under £7 in value.



The shores of Como

IT IS ABOUT SEVEN YEARS SINCE I visited the Italian lakes, and I had retained no more than a hazy impression of some of the loveliest landscape I have ever seen. But it belonged quite unidentifiably, I must confess, to Lakes Maggiore, Lugano and Como. Last week, I realized how many of the great beauties belonged to Como alone. Whereas Maggiore has some sizeable resorts and its villas tend towards the bright and new and affluent, those of Como, spacious and more spaced, dream away in gentle and aristocratic decay, few of them visibly occupied except for those that have been turned into hotels.

Como is a lake whose perspectives of sharp cypresses and clouded hills Bellini loved to paint, and the succeeding landscape gardeners and architects who built on it had an exquisite sense of the harmony between art and nature, plus the discretion to leave well alone. The ghosts of the life that once went on in these villas is most sharply evoked, perhaps, by the empty Villa Carlotta, now a museum. Its gardens of azalea are legendary; so is Canova's masterpiece of profane and sacred love in marble, his sensuously tender Cupid and Psyche. The famous Villa D'Este, at Cernobbio, is now an hotel—and a beauty—but wandering in its gardens full of statues, white spirals of marble, huge magnolia trees and damply fragrant drifts of wistaria, the mind goes back to



the hapless and unlovely Caroline of Brunswick who once lived there. Her romances, especially that with the young and handsome Bartolomeo Pergami, had some Psyche-like overtones. The Court in London and her estranged husband, later George IV, were outraged by her audacity in maintaining a court of her own and a series of lovers into the bargain. This was at the time that Congress danced in Vienna and the whole of Lombardy and the lakes was part of the Austrian Empire. Villa D'Este was later the scene of many secret meetings of the Garibaldini who plotted the Risorgimento that was to liberate and unite Italy in 1860. Before it became an hotel in the seventies, it was to enjoy a further Indian summer of romantic interlude, in both senses of the word: it was occupied by the Empress Maria Feodorovna, widow of Czar Nicholas II, who brought her entire court. Pos-

sibly it is appropriate that its opulently lovely rooms now throng with a Milanese society that comes to dine there after the opera: it is sufficiently close to Milan to enjoy an urban patronage, and its food is superb.

Farther north is the wooded peninsula of Bellagio that separates the two branches of the lake. Looking towards the magnificent white confection of the Alps beyond, Villa Serbelloni, another hotel conversion, has possibly an even more lovely and peaceful situation. At night, the lights across the water at Menaggio are reflected so still and so deep that they look like a row of candles, and the lake itself takes on the look of a ballroom floor. The hotel, whose service is as patrician as its setting, is much quieter than Villa D'Este and would tally with quite a different set of requirements.

Rates at either of these entirely luxury hotels are around £5 a day for a room with private bath and all food. Both Bellagio and Cernobbio are resorts by definition: small, but with the requisite sprinkling of boutiques, shops and bars, plus—in Cernobbio—a good golf course with complimentary membership to guests of Villa D'Este. Varenna, on the eastern shore of the lake just north of Bellagio, is tiny and almost primitive. Going ashore from its pebbled harbour and climbing the steep streets to the Piazza, one is rewarded by a 15th-century church. Inside glows a golden Florentine triptych and several

other paintings of the same school, as well as some frescoes. It is worth stopping there just to look at it. But I would like to stay longer in Varenna. Sailing past, I had noted the little Pensione du Lac, and duly went to investigate it. Among its ten bedrooms there is a bridal suite complete with private bath and large balcony hanging right over the lake. The price is just 3,000 lire (£1 15s.) a day each for two people, with all food and a terrace restaurant for dining. There is another and more conventional hotel of almost equal charm, the Royal Victoria. It is one of the very few (as is the Pensione) to be open all year, and rates are about £2 10s. full pension, with private bath.

There are a surprising number of small and unexploited places on the lake: another example is Laglio, on the western shore halfway between Como and Tremezzo, which has great charm of setting and a second-class hotel, the Plinio, as well as two smaller ones. As B.E.A.'s daily Comet flights to Milan connect with their coach services to Como and various points along the lake, a car is not strictly necessary, nor even specially desirable. The traffic is bumper to bumper during the summer months. Better to explore by boat—ferries cross between Bellagio and Menaggio every ten minutes, and you can hire a boat for around £2 a day. The Comet gets you to Milan at 11.15 a.m., and the Tourist Class return fare is £35 9s.



Lake Como: The cathedral. Right: Bellagio, the wooded peninsula that separates the two branches of the lake



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THE TATLER

13 JUNE 1962

663

Coventry's Crown



The Queen talks to Sir Basil Spence, architect of the new Coventry Cathedral, during her visit to the city with Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon to attend the ceremony of consecration. A congregation of nearly 2,000 men and women listened to a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey, in the cathedral which unites the finest craftsmanship of modern times on an immemorial site of Christian worship. See overleaf for more pictures and a description of the consecration ceremony

Coventry's Crown

CONTINUED



The Queen leaves the new cathedral with the Bishop of Coventry, the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert Bardsley, after the consecration service. Right: With the Provost, the Very Rev. H. C. N. Williams, the Queen enters the cathedral through the porch door in the West Screen. Below: The Rev. Simon Phipps (right foreground) leads the way as Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon arrive for lunch at Willenhall outside Coventry



BARBARA VEREKER REPORTS

THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL WAS consecrated by the Bishop of Coventry **Dr. Cuthbert Bardsley** on 25 May in the presence of the Queen. A project which had started 12 years earlier with the selection of Sir Basil Spence's prize-winning design thus reached its moment of completion. It was a proud and happy day for everyone concerned in any way with the building for it had been noticeable throughout that from the men on the site to the high church dignitaries all were conscious that they were working for posterity.

"We had no strikes, no labour troubles," the superintendent Clerk of Works **Mr. T. J. Hocking** told me, "the men took a real interest and though I won't say that none of them ever swore there was certainly far less larking about than usual." Mr. Hocking is probably the only Clerk of Works in history to supervise the construction of a cathedral from start to finish. **Sir Fordham Flower**, Chairman of the Reconstruction Committee, summed up his connection with the cathedral as "the most exciting thing I have ever done in my life." He had visited the site regularly, watching the cathedral grow, astonished to find himself playing a part in such a project. "It is not the sort of thing one ever imagines oneself doing."

The Queen, accompanied by **Princess Margaret** and the **Earl of Snowdon**, walked to the new cathedral through the shell of the old one where 22 years ago her father, King George VI, had stood among the still-smoking ruins. Here, too, on the morning after the raid when the sky above Coventry was still clouded with the smoke from the fires, the Provost, the **Very Reverend R. T. Howard**, now Provost Emeritus, had surveyed the rubble and the shattered masonry and promised "We will rebuild." The ruins of the old cathedral with the undamaged tower and spire now stand as a memorial shrine but though the memories remain the new shrine is committed to the doctrine of reconciliation and unity. The idea of reconciliation has been expressed in many ways; the most moving, perhaps, being the generous gifts to the cathedral from the Chancellor and people of West Germany. The idea of unity has been embodied in the star-shaped chapel that leads off the main part of the cathedral. It is to be set aside for inter-denominational worship, and the mosaic floor, designed by the Swedish artist **Einar Forseth**, was a gift from the Church of Sweden. The cost of the stained glass windows, designed by **Margaret Traherne**, was met by the German Evangelical Churches.

It was fitting that an international congregation attended the service of consecration. Approximately 2,000 people were present including High Commissioners from 12 of the Commonwealth countries and diplomatic representatives from 40 other countries. Nine archbishops took

part in the service and among the churches represented were the Lutheran and Reform Churches of Germany, Sweden, France, Denmark and the Greek and Russian Orthodox Churches. The Archbishop of Canterbury, **Dr. Ramsey**, described the cathedral in his sermon as "a house in which all the arts and the craftsmanship of our time have united—stone, wood, glass, metal; the designer, the builder, the painter, the sculptor." The resulting cathedral has not pleased everyone but probably no new cathedral ever could. Perhaps the Coventry shopkeeper who did not much like it got to the heart of the matter when he concluded his criticisms by remarking reflectively: "Still, when you think about it, it is an achievement to have built it, really."

LADY DOROTHY ENCOURAGES

"We are a mixed bag," said Mrs. **W. Haythornthwaite** in a speech of thanks to the chairmen Mrs. **Shepherd** and Mrs. **Barrington** at the end of the annual conference of the Conservative Women's National Advisory Committee. Looking round the hall it seemed that indeed they were. The Tory ladies are apt to get depicted as a militant, over-hatted matriarchy, their brand image a combination of Boadicea and Lady Bountiful, but when you actually study them it becomes difficult to reconcile the picture with the reality. Their hats, it is true, are notable but there is no special virtue in going bareheaded and at least their conferences look gayer than they would if they all turned up wearing headscarves.

This year the gaiety was more or less confined to the millinery for while it would be untrue to say that the ladies were disgruntled they were obviously badly in need of what one of them, Mrs. **Dudley Williams**, described as "a jolly good boost." It was hard to tell whether they got it from the ministerial speeches for what their friends call natural politeness and their foes call sycophancy ensures that they will always applaud any minister who actually confronts them. There could be no doubt, however, that they all felt better after a fighting speech from their much-loved **Lady Dorothy Macmillan**. ("Her public relations are much better than mine," the Prime Minister remarked in a wistful aside at the Mass Meeting in the Albert Hall the following day.)

The mass meeting is a larger, and therefore even dressier, occasion than the conference. The rank and file may get by with one hat and one dress but no Tory lady within the precincts of the platform would dream of appearing in the same outfit two days running. This year the chairman, Mrs. **Shepherd**, won hands down sartorially by appearing in what was easily the most stunningly chic creation of the entire conference.

The Prime Minister, in much better form than he was at the main Party Conference

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Mr. Roger Farrington, of Oxford, watches play. Right: His captain, Mr. Richard Nelson, takes a down-to-earth view of his team's progress in the doubles



For the second year running the teams from Oxford and Cambridge Universities met at the Hurlingham Club with mallet, ball and hoop to echo the evocative Victorian call

WHO'S FOR CROQUET?



Oxford University secretary Mr. P. J. M. Fidler and Cambridge captain Mr. A. A. Reed toss for choice of play



Cambridge secretary Mr. Edward Sulley plays to a hoop. Left: Mr. C. E. Dashwood, the Cambridge University No. 2, in action



Between spring thunderstorms a Cambridge man doggedly plays his way around the course in one of the doubles matches



Classic play demonstrated by Mr. R. H. M. Hargreave of Oxford

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Mr. Christopher Miller of Oxford jumps his ball through the hoop over an opponent's watched by his twin brother and rival, Mr. David Miller of Cambridge. Left: Mr. D. Watson of Cambridge playing in the singles

GEORGINA'S DANCE



A yellow and white striped marquee turned a courtyard into a ballroom for the coming-out dance given by Mrs. J. R. M. Page for her daughter Georgina—they are seen above—at their home in Chelsea Square



Miss Catharine Noble, Mr. Anthony Howland-Jackson and Miss Antonia Trechman



Mr. John Van Marle and Lady Sarah Curzon



Mr. Nick Rogerson and Miss Olga Maitland



The Hon. Georgina Cavendish



Miss Venetia Quarry



Miss Jenny Marten and Pashu Pati S.J.B. Rana

BARBARA VEREKER *continued*

in the autumn, made a (fighting) speech which was very nearly good enough to warrant the embarrassingly fulsome tributes that followed it. Still, however much eulogies of this sort may daunt the Don't Knows—and they probably daunt them quite a lot—they may be what the dedicated Tory ladies want to hear. The ladies who attend these conferences may have their grievances, they may have their down-hearted moments, but it takes more than a bad patch to shake their fundamental loyalty. There were six thousand of them at the Albert Hall and, so far as one could tell, not a potential Liberal among them.

COURTYARD INTO BALLROOM

Mrs. J. R. M. Page's dance for her daughter Georgina was given in what will surely turn out to be the most ingeniously planned ballroom of the season. Her house in Chelsea Square is separated from that of her neighbours Mr. Justice Sachs & the Hon. Lady Sachs by a wide courtyard with a garage belonging to each house at the end of it. A yellow and white striped marquee was hoisted above the courtyard and the garages, a dance floor laid and the garages themselves transformed to make attractive alcoves at either end. While dancers including the Misses Olga Maitland, Melanie Franklin, Sarah Butler, Susan Carew, Jenny Marten and Victoria Fuller were Twisting energetically, other guests were free to wander in and out of the two houses which seemed like separate wings of the same mansion, with the ballroom in the middle. Miss Page, chic and assured in white chiffon, has recently returned from three months at the Sorbonne. There were 250 guests at the dance and those who gave dinner parties included Lady Chesham, Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, Mrs. Nigel Fisher, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, the Marchioness of Lothian, Lady Mancroft, the Hon. Lady Wrightson and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vivian, and Mr. Fred Warner.

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS

The May Flower Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the International Society for Rehabilitation of the Disabled was an evening with a strong diplomatic flavour. The High Commissioner for Ghana & Mrs. Armah, the Laotian Ambassador & Princess Khammao, the High Commissioner for Malaya & Tunku Maimunah, the Moroccan Ambassador & Princess Fatima Zahara, the High Commissioner for Pakistan & Begum Yousuf, the Vietnamese Ambassador & Mme. Ngo Dinh Luyen were among those who applauded models from the Rahvis collection which were shown after dinner. The dresses, all with a vaguely Oriental motif,

had names like Sayonara, Mikomoto, Suzy Wong and Broken Blossoms. Predictably there was one called My Geisha, less predictably another called Rashomon. The president of the ball was Lord Grantchester who was there with Lady Grantchester, the chairman of the ball was Lady Rowlandson, and among others present were the South African Ambassador & Mrs. Muller, the Polish Ambassador & Mme. Rodzinska, the Portuguese Ambassador & Mme. Rocheta, Lord Bosson, Lord Burden, Viscountess Simon, Sultanah Marcella Ibrahim of Johore, and Lady Barber.

UNIVERSITY CROQUET

Those of us who have hitherto regarded croquet as a game played by Edwardians on vicarage lawns had to revise our ideas at the Oxford and Cambridge universities match, played at Hurlingham Club. It is, we were assured, a game that requires strategic planning as well as skill. Players need "a good eye and a good brain," according to a member of the Cambridge team Mr. Derek Watson. This was confirmed by Mr. Maurice Reckitt, vice-president of the Croquet Association, who has done much to encourage the game. "Some people may still think of it as old-fashioned," he admitted, "but in Edwardian times they would never have thought of having croquet clubs at the universities." Their main problem, it seems, is finding good lawns to practise on. The Cambridge team are fortunate in having a local croquet enthusiast Mrs. Heley to lend them her lawn and provide them with splendid teas after the game. Mrs. Heley had motored from Cambridge to watch the match and it seemed likely that she did a good deal more unofficial coaching than she was modestly prepared to admit. This is the second year the match has been played and they are hoping to make it an annual event. Girls at the universities have so far shown little enthusiasm but the members of the teams insisted that they wanted women to play. "I don't think they do, though," Mr. Reckitt confided to me, "though of course if some of the really attractive girls took it up..." At Hurlingham, Richard Nelson, Peter Fidler, Roger Green, Chris Miller, Roger Farington, and Hume Hargreave were playing for Oxford. The Cambridge team were Arthur Reed, Christopher Dashwood, Derek Watson, David Miller, Edward Sulley and James Laurenson. Chris and David Miller, playing on opposing sides, are twin brothers who wore the obligatory long white flannels, with different neckwear to identify themselves. Mr. Richard Nelson, bearded and wearing a straw boater with his flannels and blazer, took the spectators straight back in spirit to those games in Edwardian gardens. See pictures on page 666.

Marjorie Bowen is on holiday. She resumes her regular column next week

Back to school for a ball



Old boys and their guests—a thousand strong—filled the Hurlingham Club to dance at the Centenary Ball of Haileybury



Colonel E. A. Shipton, chairman of the Old Haileyburians Rugby football club, with Mrs. W. F. L. Newcombe, wife of the secretary of the Haileybury Society.



The ball organizers with their wives: From left, Mr. P. R. L. Jackson, Mrs. & Mr. B. J. Dunn, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. & Mr. A. J. Hardcastle



Mrs. H. de Pinna Weil and her husband (an Old Boy) with Mr. C. P. C. Smith, the Master (Headmaster) of Haileybury



Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir William Dickson, president of the Haileybury Society, and Mrs. E. C. Mitford

Degas on the market tomorrow is part of the Korda collection. Along with 22 other Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings and sculpture, it will be auctioned at Sotheby's and is expected to fetch £100,000 in the most important world sale of pictures since the Goldschmidt in 1958. Mrs. David Metcalfe (the former Lady Korda) took a last look at Degas' *Nude* in her Chelsea home before it was removed to the saleroom





Theoretically this is the season for eating in the open—a picnic at Glyndebourne (see page 680), dinner on a patio or a simple chicken leg on camomile-scented cliffs above a tranquil sea. Hoping for the best, weather-wise, Pamela Vandyke Price offers some suggestions for appropriate wines to drink when even the breeze is warm



EVEN the sort of story-book summer similar to 1959 we require the refreshment of light, gay, cool drinks in frosted glasses. In normal years we need the comfort of something delicious inside ourselves and the resignation resulting from our knowledge that the poor old vine has, in most instances, even more to put up with than our woolly-lined, brolly-bound selves. (Though sometimes I think I'd swap a soupçon of phylloxera at my roots for a few hours of real heat between my shoulder-blades.) Anyway, some variation in our hospitality provides a diversion for summer—and after all, a good drink is a good drink even in an igloo.

Obviously, the rosé wines are for summer

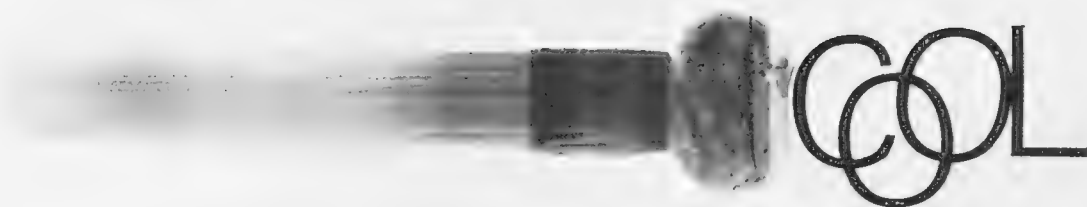
parties and light meals—though let nobody be deceived into supposing that they are lighter in strength than other table wines. In one of those rash generalizations with which writers on wine cut down hundreds of explanatory words to a sentence, I shall say that rosés usually resemble the other wines of the district from which they come: the well-known rosés from the south of the Rhone, with Tavel supreme, are rather full-bodied and generous in flavour, those from Anjou and the Loire are dry and light, the Bordeaux rosés slightly softer and those from Burgundy dry but very supple and full in character. One new to this country from Provence, fragrant, tough enough to stand up to a garlicky ratatouille and smooth enough for salmon, is called *Clémentine*, costs around 10s., has a delightful label—therefore making a good gift—is shipped by those specialists in the lesser-known wines of France, Asher Storey, and can be bought from John Martin, New London Street, E.C.3. For those going to France and wanting a cheap rosé to cool in a stream alongside their picnic, I recommend one from the firm of Geveor called *Caillegris*, which is true value and will save you getting something either vinegary or expensive—and gives you a name to guide you in the grocer's. Not in this country yet, though.

The sparkling wines are party pieces—and the ideal apéritifs if you're in the right income group. I have recently found a very fine *blanc de blancs*—Champagne made only from white grapes—from Irroy, called

Château de Irroy, vintage 1953. Its price—nearly £2—makes it a special occasion wine, but it's both unusual and worthy. Brown & Pank stock this. The pink sparkling Burgundy called *Partridge Eye*, costing under £1 (Marshall Taplow) is a debby-looking drink that Uncle Charles can be counted on to approve. The Portuguese Royal Brut, from the Real Vinicola, in the same price range, is a white wine made—like the *Partridge Eye*—by the Champagne method, and is very fresh and dry without being at all acid. From the Moselle, there's the sparkling *Schloss Saarfels*, costing about £1 from O. W. Loeb, which I'd categorize as the ideal Glyndebourne picnic wine, providing you have an insulated bag in which to keep it cool—it's dry, gay and aristocratic, in fact positively Mozartian.

About Asti Spumante opinions are divided, many people finding it too sweet. My own preference is for Asti with ice-cream or fruit if you are having rather a lush summer meal, or sometimes on a hot and tiring day as a quiet drink when the slight sweetness and fragrance of the Muscat grape seem just what one needs. Do chill it well and don't pour it out ages before you're going to drink it. Mirafiore and Cinzano are both brands I have liked, costing under £1 a bottle.

Apropos of Muscat, this scented grape also makes a still Alsatian wine that's delicious for summer meals, or as an in-between times drink, especially now that the exceptional 1959 vintage is on sale. (A perfect buffet party tipple, too.) Many good Muscats are



PHOTOGRAPH: CUNNINGHAM/WARNER

ound, among them the estate-bottled ones from Hugel, costing around 26s., and from Weiss-Zimmer, for about £1. But for outstanding value in a wine I've never known I to please by its beautiful bouquet and straightforward "grapey" flavour, there's the Muscat of Sichel & Co., bottled in France and costing only about 15s. (From The Butner, Kensington Church Street.) From the other side of France comes the dry *Château Filhot* (about half a guinea, from Portnum & Mason) which has all the fragrance of its sweet older sister, the dessert wine, but which leaves the palate fresh and ready for more. If you want to be a bit off-beat and like very dry wines, you can try a Portuguese "green wine" called *Amarante* from the Real Vinicola, which is slightly drier and lighter than the popular *Lagosta* and comes in a full-sized bottle. (Peter Dominic have it for about 12s.)

Being of those who seldom care for an all white wine meal and who will drink claret with trout, salmon or sausage and mash quite placidly, I can't resist mentioning one of the "little" clarets—bourgeois growths if you must be pedantic—that we can still afford to buy now that the classed growths have soared into the expense account category for all but the fortunate. This is *Château Brillette*, from the Moulis district of the Médoc; the 1955 has a most enchanting bouquet and satisfying taste (to give of its best it deserves decanting) and costs around 14s., from K. E. Jameson of London Wall.

If you can venture into the upper reaches

of the fine Moselles, the 1959s are now so beautiful that I'd suggest making a party round a special bottle one summer morning or evening, with just a few friends and some peaches or nectarines. Of course you can drink these wines with summer food too, but they are so superb that you can't get by on mere veal & ham pie and salad—which means that it will be an expensive meal. My loves—out of many: the Ruwer wine, Maximin Gruenhaeuser Herrenberg, auslese, C. von Schubert (about 32s. from O. W. Loeb), and Deinhard's Ayler Herrenberg, feine auslese (about 42s.). If you already know and like Moselles, you'll revel in the way these two are just about as good as they can possibly be. If you don't—then once you've tried them you'll start saving so as to repeat the experience. (Don't deprive yourself of half the pleasure by smoking while you drink.)

Cocktails I seldom drink, but Continental apéritifs are fun and France's most popular one, St. Raphael, is now available in both red and white; the white type being slightly sweeter. It must be well iced and a sliver of orange peel greatly enhances the flavour. (About 18s.) My own pet is the acid yellow *gentiane* apéritif called Suze, either with soda water or plain. I was introduced to it once in Bordeaux when I'd had a gargantuan lunch and was facing dinner with reluctance and it remains one of the finest fresheners I know. But you either like it as much as I do or you find it impossibly bitter, so try some—with ice—before landing yourself with a

large bottle. (About 32s. from Kettners). The range of Pimms Cups is well known and it's now fascinating to hear that their popularity is spreading all over Europe, so that what with them, "*le whisky*" and the "*pommes chips*" we shall feel quite *chez nous* in every bistro. But a superlative version of Pimms No. 3, which has the brandy base, is achieved by diluting the mixture with Champagne instead of lemonade. I believe this is known as a "King Pimms" and although it appears extravagant, you are suddenly aware of not being able to drink more than two, so that it's not as ruinous as it sounds. Champagne and fresh orange juice, iced, is another drink I like very much; this is known as a *Buck's Fizz*, from having been invented at Buck's Club, and if you are doubtful, try it first at the Champagne Bar of the Connaught Rooms. The proportions can be half-and-half or one-third orange to two-thirds Champagne (non-vintage) and nothing but fresh orange juice will do. The same goes for an Andalucia, which is one-third *fino* sherry, two-thirds orange juice, both chilled. (A plea here on behalf of those of us who have to suffer sherry—or any white or apéritif wines—at cupboard temperature: please, *chill* the drinks and cheer the company.)

Finally, a delicious variation on the Champagne cocktail, given to me by the owner of the Casse-Croute restaurant. To each glass of chilled Champagne, allow a dessertspoonful of *Chambery zette*, the vermouth flavoured with wild strawberries. I should say it couldn't fail.

Anatomy of a Kentish town



J. Roger Baker visits the people of Tunbridge Wells. Alan Vines took the photographs

ONE foot in the past, one in the future, Tunbridge Wells is a town trying to establish an identity. Not yet a true inland holiday resort, not quite a dormitory for London, no longer the obvious place for elderly ladies to retire, not really using its business potential to the full, Tunbridge Wells in 1962 is still shaking from the impact of the boom that hit it after the war.

For years the town's brand image has been that of a sleepy backwater, full of ancient colonels and tottering spinsters, a joke in fact (remember "Disgusted" of Tunbridge Wells?). It is still admitted that many of the biggest hotels have a pretty full list of permanent guests which means that there isn't enough accommodation for casual visitors—a sore point with those who want to push Tunbridge as a resort. And I heard a bus conductor, after gallantly helping the fifth quavering lady take a seat, mutter: "We ought to be running an ambulance, never mind about a bus." But the emphasis is changing as the town grows bigger and the circles of residential and council estates tightens. Tunbridge couldn't be called sleepy today. As in any healthy community, protesting voices can be heard. "There is something for young people to do" is a familiar theme; "Younger men should be in control," another. "Not enough is made of the town to attract visitors," I was told, and "cut-price shops spoil our streets." The local newspaper offers tit-bits that are the same all over the country: "Youth had loaded pistol," "Will North Ward go Liberal?" "Future of village hut in balance," "Four youths had 'vicious fight' court told." But a local J.P. denied there was any serious hooliganism: "All towns have a Teddy boy strata," he commented judiciously.

Population today is an estimated 40,000, light industry flourishes, 1,300 season-ticket holders commute daily to London. The atmosphere is

lively. I saw posters advertising wrestling (every Monday), and visits from pop singers and jazz groups. The skeleton of a vast new office block rises in the middle of the town. The shops if not exactly with it, are pretty near it. "This town should be the capital of the south of England," I was told—in different words I heard the same thing many times. "Business is getting better, but not enough is made of the town," a shopkeeper who has had the same store for 40 years considered. Mr. E. A. Gibbs, the town's entertainment manager agreed that a strong effort is being made to project Tunbridge Wells as a resort. "But we have to cater for so many tastes. There is a 16-week season of repertory in the summer, we have brass bands in the parks, the wrestling is very popular—especially among the women—and old-time dancing in costume is planned for August."

Tunbridge Wells has been a centre of activity since 3700 B.C. when Iron-Age hunters roamed the woods and made shelters in rocky outcrops. A long time later (in 1606), Dudley, 3rd Baron North, discovered accidentally the chalybeate spring. The Stuart Court, ever ready for a new taste thrill, flocked down and started drinking it by the gallon. Taking the waters—that status-symbol of the 18th century—established the wells near Tunbridge as a seasonal resort. Queen Anne arrived, sniffed deprecatingly at the muddy walk near the spring, gave £100 to have it tiled, returned to find nothing had been done and swept out again. She never came back, but the walk *was* paved and the Pantiles established. Beau Nash arrived, fresh from his triumph in Bath, to organize the gaming houses and set his unique pattern for manners and social behaviour. Today, the Pantiles is an elegant, colonnaded walk, nicely paved, with a couple of good pubs, a scattering of antique shops and a refined café that produces a splendid afternoon tea. There is a haunted-looking musicians' gallery and some refreshing



The Pantiles, an 18th-century promenade, is the glory of the town, a meeting place (opposite) for a Saturday morning drink, a challenge (above) for artists. Below: Mrs. Ellen A. White, who has been the proprietor of two shops in the Pantiles for 40 years, and her son Mr. Howard White

18th-century architecture.

It is the focal point for visitors and there is an active Pantiles Association. This was originally a traders' group, but the secretary, Mrs. Myrtle Streeton, tells me that the emphasis has been more on the historical angle since 1956. Plaques have been erected, the spring has been kept in repair. The chalybeate water is available (flavoured with orange or lemon for a small charge, or raw for nothing), but it is drunk more for laughs than for health reasons. Mrs. Streeton did add, however, that there are a few residents who come to drink regularly. When we were there the spring was opened up specially; it was a bitter day with flurries of snow, but a crowd gathered from nowhere to have a sip. Dr. St.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF





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John Lyburn, who has his own health clinic on Broadwater Down, was elected Master of Ceremonies at a public meeting ("I don't do anything like Beau Nash, though") and was responsible for cleaning the springs and having them covered.

The Pantiles, and Tunbridge Wells common, are owned by the Lord of the manor; the present landladies are the sisters Mrs. Louis Kentner and Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin. They both take an active interest in the town and the maintenance of its historical assets. The common, splitting the town in two, is a wild patch in urbane surroundings. Mothers refuse to allow their daughters to walk across it at night, and it is reputed to be haunted by an esoteric phantom—the ghost of a house. Across the highest part there are several houses

built on rocky outcrops jutting from surrounding gorse and brambles. One of these, an early Victorian villa, has been restored by Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Leroy. The house is surrounded on three sides by rock, though nowhere does it touch the walls. A front door on the second storey, a front door on the ground floor and a back door gained through a narrow cleft in overhanging rocks and a multi-layered garden are among the more remarkable features. Opposite St. Helena is the only privately owned property in Tunbridge Wells with a Building Preservation Order on it. This is the home of Mr. & Mrs. Esmé Bidlake and called Thackeray's House, because the novelist lived and wrote there about a century ago. Calm, elegant, it is characteristic of the Wren period and among its features

Anthony Armstrong is one of the younger businessmen in Tunbridge Wells. Originally a northerner he settled here a couple of years ago and finds the town offers great challenges to the young. Above left: The chalybeate spring in the Pantiles. Mrs. Monica Powell has been the dipper for five years; she keeps the well clean, sells the water to visitors



CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Penguin Players rehearse their production of *Black Limelight*. Their producer has adventurous plans for future productions, feels there is a definite interest in drama in the town



Mr. & Mrs. Walter Martin, who live in Byng Road, head a typical Tunbridge Wells family unit. He is an architect who commutes daily to London. She takes an active role in various organizations. Daughter Valerie is at a secretarial college in London; 17-year-old Geoffrey is at Judd School in Tonbridge

Mrs. Edythe Bradley is the curator of Tunbridge Wells Museum, an expert on unlikely things and an authority on local history. Here she is seen with part of the museum's collection of Tunbridge ware, mosaic work in wood used for a variety of objects. Originally more than 160 different woods were used in the ware, of varying colours—manufacture ceased in 1936



High rocks, just outside the town, is a beauty spot and centre for young climbers and campers. Mr. James Money (in raincoat) began excavating the area in 1939 and discovered a prehistoric hill fort. Below: Mrs. Herbert Glanfield and her brother-in-law, Mr. Norman Glanfield, were Mayoress and Mayor of Tunbridge Wells in 1958. Their home, in Calverley Park, is a Decimus Burton house with a fine view of the town





Mr. H. W. Pratley has had his corner second-hand book shop for 45 years. Here he examines a collector's piece—a missal, 1766 French and hand-stencilled



Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Leroy live in St. Helena, an early 19th-century house on the common surrounded by rocks. Their "second" front door (pictured) is on the second storey



Mrs. Myrtle Streeton is the secretary of the Pantiles Association which organizes and maintains the historical connections. She lectures to local societies also

Left: Tunbridge Wells is not all quiet elegance and discreet wealth. Cut-price shops are frowned on and, as in any town, the back streets are not generally advertised



Above: Mr. & Mrs. Esmé Bidlake live in Thackeray's House on the common; they bought the house five years ago. Mrs. Bidlake shops in London, doesn't belong to any women's clubs in the town, but wouldn't live anywhere else



Left: Dr. & Mrs. St. John Lyburn run a health clinic on Broadwater Down, the one-time "Millionaires' Row" of Tunbridge Wells. Until recently the local chalybeate figured in his treatments. He was responsible for cleaning and covering the springs



Mr. Peader Ward is a recent resident, moving to the town just over a year ago (here he is celebrating the birth of his third child). A journalist, he works in London

is a fine Charles II staircase.

Tunbridge Wells is a town of open spaces. There are some more attractive houses standing high, overlooking Calverley Park. They were designed by Decimus Burton, and in their spacious setting retain something of the past ease and tranquillity of the spa. But the older parts of Tunbridge Wells are vanishing. A Georgian shop-front is hidden by a garage, interesting terraces are hidden in side streets; the centre of activity has moved from the lower part of the town round the spring to the civic centre (Postwar Desperate). Old homes are broken up: "That is why Tunbridge Wells is such a good centre for the antique market" an old-established trader told me. Aristocratic families find it increasingly difficult to maintain their homes, but are not afraid to move with the times. Mr. James Money tells me that

his mother, Lady Money, was the first resident of Hungershall Park to break up her home into flats.

Slowly a new brand image is being forged for Tunbridge Wells; that of a lively, go-ahead town. People go there for the shops and good schools. One can still slip into the past along the Pantiles (in summer there are bands and exhibitions) but need never feel stifled by decay. It is difficult to get a meal after a show—but then where in England isn't it? But the woman at home can avoid the stagnation of suburbia. The local issue of *What's On* lists some 20 clubs and groups for women; a century ago the first National Council of Women group outside London was founded there, and the Luncheon Club, now in its ninth year, has 275 members and a long waiting list. There is a commendable symphony orchestra and active drama

groups with such forward-looking plans as *Murder In The Cathedral* and *The Italian Straw Hat*. One happy resident found the week was not long enough to fit everything in.

Tunbridge Wells has long been remarkable for the salubrity of its air, the beauty of its scenery and the curative qualities of its mineral spring; it is yearly becoming a place of greater resort and of more permanent residence, from the increase of general population, and from the superior accommodation and handsomeness of its additional buildings. That is not an original remark. I have taken it from John Britton's classic guide to Tunbridge Wells published in 1832. If that gentleman were to browse around the town today, the premises might be wildly different, but the conclusions would be the same. One thing is certain, those who live there would live nowhere else.

SPLIT

GLYNDEBOURNE HAS TWO CLEAR levels of approach. For a certain section of the audience it is little more than a glorious day out, with the opera a pleasing diversion between picnics. At this time of the year there is invariably a rash of gay little articles about dowagers being zipped up behind hedges and people getting lost in Lewes. On the other hand the artistic standard of opera presentation here is so high that the long dinner interval can seem an irritating unnatural break, and there is a small element claiming that good music needs no black tie to be appreciated. In the past it has often seemed that operas have been chosen with diversion in mind—light, buffo works making no great demands on concentration. This is in no way deplorable—*Figaro* remains one of the three greatest operas in the world, and a Glyndebourne *Cenerentola* is worthy of anybody's energy.

However, the last few years have seen a broadening of the

LEVEL

repertory to embrace little-heard masterpieces and new works. The first two productions of the current season point the present split-level Glyndebourne image—the rarely-heard masterpiece *Pelléas et Mélisande* of Debussy was followed by *Le nozze di Figaro*. Mozart has always been the keystone of this opera house and there has never been a season without one or more of his works. Listening around in the interval, I gathered that some were finding *Pelléas* a bit of a trial. Round the Wallop Halls and clipped hedges the whisper went: no story, no drama, no tunes. And for the totally unprepared this must seem true.

The opera concerns one Golaud who meets a strange



Mélisande is dead, her husband grieves. Denise Duval and Michel Roux in Carl Ebert's production of Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande, the opening production of this year's Glyndebourne season

BY J. ROGER BAKER: PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY GRAVETT

girl in a forest. He marries her on the spot and brings her to his grandfather's castle where she wanders about murmuring *Je ne suis pas heureuse ici* and falls for Golaud's half-brother Pelléas. Though this illicit *affaire* is continued in silence and at a distance (the nearest physical contact is when she smothers him with her long blonde hair let down from a tower window), Golaud kills Pelléas in a jealous rage. Mélisande then dies in childbirth. And that's that.

This narration is unfolded in a series of 13 scenes with linking musical interludes; the vocal line (following Maeterlinck's original play very closely) is nearer speech than song. But the coin has another side, and one more deeply engraved. The spell of Debussy's music is great. Vittorio Gui conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra was completely sensitive to the atmospheric qualities of the score.

Beni Montresor's décor complements the music in every scene with a series of sets in the glowing, sombre colours of stained glass. Carl Ebert produced and somehow managed to get his singers to adopt an acting style that fitted per-

fectly into the general feeling of a half-lit world, one stage removed from reality.

In the pivotal role of Golaud, Michel Roux commanded whatever he appeared, and Gus Hoekman as the old king presented the most telling performance vocally; this Dutch bass has a splendid voice. Kerstin Meyer and Rosine Brédy filled small roles with an acute feeling for their part in the overall pattern.

I was less happy with the protagonists. As Mélisande, Denise Duval demonstrated a wonderful feeling for words and looked well. She seemed however, to be trying too hard to subdue her basically bright, dramatic voice to the context of understatement. Henri Gui made little effect as Pelléas, though he displayed a good tenor voice.

With the second production, *Le nozze di Figaro*, the audience was back on a safe Glyndebourne plane. Carl Ebert's production comes as near to a full realization of the work as one is likely to find. Only in the final act is there a jarring note when the manipulation of disguised characters and hiding eavesdroppers could be handled more wittily. *Figaro* is above all things a comedy of social

and sexual mores operating on various levels. There is too, an under-tow of sadness surrounding the Countess, and of bitterness surrounding the Count and Figaro. These things are tellingly observed. Silvio Varviso, the conductor, understands these implications. He points the interplay of woodwind and strings, brings out the heroic element in the Act Three arias of the Count and Countess and handles the ensembles with breathtaking precision (notably that when Susanna appears to confound the Count in the second act). At the moment an essential Mozartian warmth is lacking, not only in the orchestra but also in Mirella Freni's otherwise faultless Susanna. Miss Freni looks, acts and often sings the part to perfection; but there are times when Susanna is more than the minx from below stairs; she is emotionally involved in the action.

A little more warmth would have made her *Deh vieni non tardar* and contributions to

the letter duet much more moving. Heinz Blankenburg makes an athletic, handsome Figaro and presents a well-studied interpretation—there is a definite threat in *Se vuol ballare* which, as in all his other moments, was beautifully sung and characterized.

Throughout, this *Figaro* is ideally cast. Edith Mathis, a young soprano from Switzerland presents a completely satisfactory Cherubino, and Johanna Peters puts Marcelina in the correct perspective. Leyla Gencer (from Turkey) is the Countess, a credible figure on stage and with a strongly appealing voice. It yet lacks a uniform quality over the full range, but there is dramatic warmth and superb control.

Both of these operas are what Glyndebourne is for. It would be worth going on safari to Sussex for them even without the splendid food, efficient service and tranquil gardens that make the whole project so much more desirable.



Edith Mathis as Cherubino is told of the delights of army life by Figaro (Heinz Blankenburg) in *Le nozze di Figaro*. Below: Carl Ebért rehearses Rosine Brédy and Michel Roux for *Pelléas*



420 square inches of Chelsea

A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, HAVING CONSIDERED (AND rejected) the possibilities of Kensington, Knightsbridge, Wimbledon and Pimlico for my London *pied au terre*, I was lucky enough to notice, in the agony column of *The Times*, a furnished flat in Chelsea (s/c; c.h.w., all mod. con.) which seemed to suit me to the ground. Chelsea is my traditional London stomping-ground; without more ado I sent telegrams, took taxis, gave references, examined inventories, signed leases. And I happily moved in on May Day.

To say it suits me to the ground is perhaps slightly inappropriate, because in fact it's subterranean. From the bedroom at the back—and also, for that matter, if I feel like it, from the bathroom—I can look out upon a most attractive garden, sunlit and beflowered, at almost my level; but the front room, which is where I live and work, is approximately seven feet below Smith Street. (It's in one of those lovely Georgian houses at the King's Road end.) It's a most attractive room, something like a country cottage in Sussex or Kent; but from it, when I first moved in, I looked out on a bare white wall and forbidding black railings. The plain paved area, fourteen feet by four feet, was burgeoning with dustbins. And it sees the last of the sun—for it faces east-north-east—at about 11.30.

"The garden flat" is the current euphemism for a basement (or is mine a semi-basement?) but this could hardly have been used in my own case because the garden, inescapably, belongs to the rest of the house; I can see it, tantalizingly, through my bedroom's french windows but they are inexorably padlocked. I am not by nature a troglodyte and it also made a noticeable contrast with Killegar—I commute between Chelsea and Killegar at frequent intervals—where I am monarch of (almost) all I survey: over 400 acres in Ireland compared with 56 square feet here. So I set about the task of converting the area into a garden of my own.

It's curious, in view of the pleasure my modest efforts have given me, that in Ireland—where I have all the space in the world—I take no interest whatever in gardening. My father was great at it and won prizes at all the shows for everything from onions to gladioli. On the other hand, he virtually ignored the farm, which suffered accordingly (if he'll forgive me for saying so). After his death, I was forced to reverse this tendency; gardening is a fine hobby, and can be deeply satisfying, but it never even began to pay for itself at Killegar, and I had to devote all my attention to farming anyway. The evidence is still visible of my father's skill and love—the azaleas, for instance, and the forsythia, and the magnolias, which I hope will go on for ever. But I've let his garden run wild.

In Chelsea it has been different. I began to be possessed by that well-known gardener's mania:

I determined to make flowers spring forth from a concrete desert. Having hidden the dustbins away, I started off with two window-boxes. They were 30 in. by 7 in. and cost twelve-&-sixpence each. I began by painting them lilac, to conform with the rest of the house, and then had to pay fifteen bob for the soil and compost to fill them. (That I should have to *buy* soil or compost! I make the latter in Ireland on an agricultural scale—upwards of 1,000 tons a year; at London rates that would be worth almost £20,000 if sold in half-hundredweights.) I now had 420 square inches of land—almost exactly one square inch for every acre I own in Ireland.

Because of my pre-noon sunset, it was no good being too ambitious in my choice of flowers. Resisting any thoughts of hydrangeas or geraniums, I settled for such simple favourites as stocks, pansies, French marigolds, forget-me-nots and double daisies. They have all (so far) flourished. But I decided, just for the hell of it, to take a chance with two morning glories, in the admittedly slender hope that they would thrive on morning-only sunshine and could be trained all round the windows. They've grown about six inches in the fortnight since I planted them, thanks to my loving care; whether they'll ever flower is quite a different matter. And I hung a weeping fuchsia from an *ad hoc* nail in that corner of my "garden"—the northern corner, beside my front door—which gets an extra hour's sunshine; it is still only in bud, but doesn't so far seem to be objecting.

Wallflowers are so called because they like living in walls, so I bought a packet of seeds at Woolworth's and have freely distributed them in a number of secret hiding places: in nooks and crannies, in gaps between bricks, on ledges, between paving stones. I will be happy if three or four of them contrive, by some means or other, to germinate.

The next step is to choose a creeper which, from a tub beneath the area steps, will swiftly cover the bare white wall which faces me as I write. There would be no hope for exotic beauties like the passion-flower; and the rose, or the wistaria, or the clematis—all of which I'd love—require more sunshine, I fear, than I could give them. Perhaps a *polygonum* or a Virginia creeper would survive, but it will probably have to be an ivy in the end.

What I've done to date is only a beginning. I've a number of further plans, which may or may not come to fruition. In particular I look forward to the time when I can bring cuttings and plants back from Ireland to my basement—which by then will (I hope) be actually a garden flat. So, slowly, Killegar would be transplanted to London, in just the same way as I, for the time being, have transplanted myself. I would bring Killegar with me.

Lord Kilbracken

COUNTER SPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



Central Cooling

ENGLISH WEATHER ACCLIMATIZES THE English to expect anything—even a June heatwave. And though it may seem unrealistic to suggest complete air conditioning to anyone with direct experience of an English summer, it's fine to have a few items to cope with cloudless skies.

Blinds always win and look marvellous too in something unexpected like black and white ticking, cool black coffee linen or in a fabric to match wallpaper. Try giving them a Chanel touch with braid. J. Avery, 81 Great Portland Street, will make to order.

Cooling off in the picture: Westinghouse bottle and water cooler supplies instant chilly water and icy bottles. £149 10s. from Harrods who have an alternative design that heats up water as well. Japanese screen and fan blooms with hot pink flowers and is useful to make an oasis of shade in a room. Hand-painted screen, £40, and matching fan, 7s., from the Marco Polo Shop, Lansdowne Row, W.1.

Atop the screen is the Vent-A-Matic in clear crysilicon that doesn't discolour and can be washed. It draws air into a room and fans it round breezily: largest size for 35s. plus 8s. 6d. for the stormguard.

Parasol in cool colours is handmade in Italy to clip on anything from a chair to a table: 59s. 6d. from Harrods.

Naguchi hanging lamp makes a cool pool of chalk white on summer nights, 4 gns. from the Eva Hauser Gallery, Finchley Road, who also have the Danish jug to keep drinks cool: £2 14s. and the lengthy Japanese air fanner, 3s. 9d.

Underwater blues cool off in a wallpaper from John Line's new collection of handblocked papers. Sarney, designed by José Bonnet, costs 34s. 7d. a piece.

HEAT WAVE BLACK



Sultry, smouldering numbers, each in black to dramatise the sudden sensation of summer. Photographed in and around Villa Bristol, Jerez, the home of Harvey's sherry

Fashions, Elizabeth Dickson
Pictures by John Cole

The perfect elopement outfit, princess dress with high bosom and daring back caught with a flat bow at the waist. Sooty slub rayon by San-Clair at Woollands, 8½ gns. Skull-cap with full-blown silk organza rose, Reed Crawford. Gilt cherry brooch, John Cavanagh Boutique, 2 gns.

The shape to stun the crowd—gathered here in the Plaza San Lucas, Jerez. The stark silk number with focus on high halter neck, low dip back fastened with a bow and two straps. Skirt flares gently from a tiny waist. Nettie Vogues at Dickens & Jones. About 27 gns.







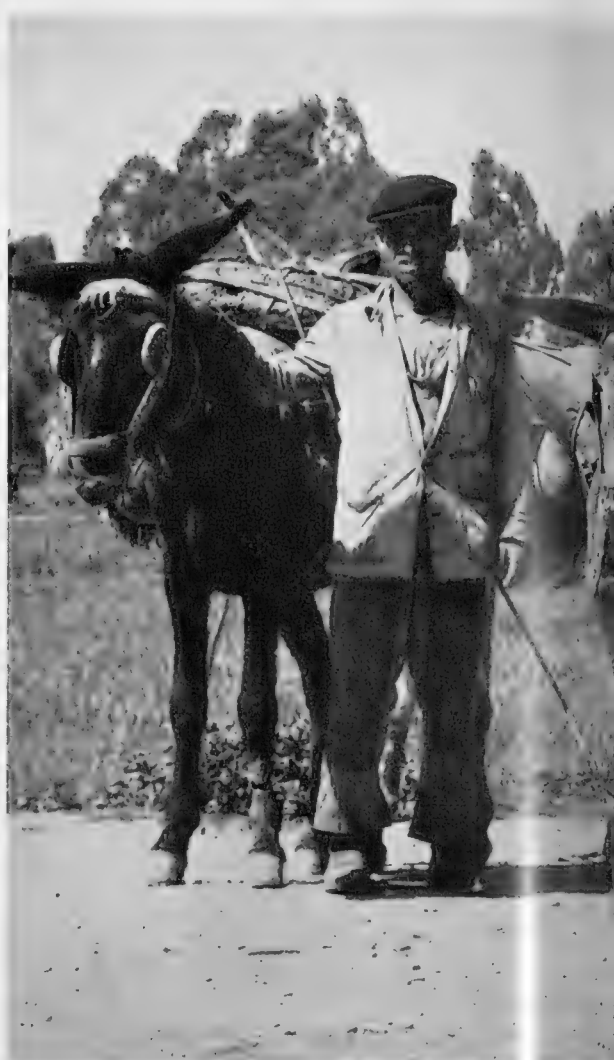
Stark figure in the deserted Plaza de Toros, Susan Small's sheer chiffon gauze over taffeta. Elbow-length sleeves tie in little bows, fine tucks pleat from the collarless neckline to a waist belted in shiny patent. £17 6s. 6d. at Fifth Avenue, Regent Street. Worn with a lace mantilla and Charles Jourdan patent sandals, 6½ gns.

After lunching on langostinos and paella, a siesta in the shade. What's best on the beach—pure shape in black. Cotton and hemp shift with bare halter top, dip back. Fortnum & Mason, 16 gns. Rough-cut diamond bangle and tasselled clip in chain-mail from John Cavanagh Boutique.

Low tide at Bajo de Guia beach, San Lucar



In a monastery garden on the fringe of the sherry vineyards, a dinner dress with simple skirt and bodice, the exit view with prison bar back cut to the waist. Rustle of silk by Spectator Sports at Wakefords of Chelsea, about 13 gns. Linked handcuff bangles of gilt and seed pearl all from John Cavanagh Boutique. Photographed at La Cartuja



In the cool patio of Zoilo Ruiz-Mateos' house, among copper urns and cotton flowers, Frank Usher's ravishing flamenco dress. Four layers of crisp lace ruffles on the skirt add panache to dramatic entrance. About 14 gns. Harvey Nichols Little Shop. Satin party mules, Charles Jourdan: 8 gns.



Good-looking separates pair for an austere silhouette in the courtyard of the Villa Bristol, in Jerez. Bettina's sleek knitted silk jersey skirt and sleeveless blouson, slit to the waist behind and tied with floppy bows. Skirt, 27 gns.; top, 22 gns. Woollands. Added polish: gilt chain collar, 7 gns., bracelets and pearl studded gilt clips, 2 gns. each. John Cavanagh Boutique



Frills again, but here in a pretty pose. London Town's reed-slim Tricel number with frills travelling along hem, up to the shoulder, and more piled on across the neckline. 9 gns. at Fifth Avenue



Before the magnificence of Jerez Cathedral, a riot of tiered broderie anglaise frills and fringe. Romantic enough for a first black dress, made in cotton lawn with camisole top by Marcel Fenez. About 22 gns. at Harrods. Candy box organza bow, Carita. 3 gns.



Full provocation for the femme fatale—sequins and fine wool. Seen in the main hall of Villa Bristol . . . Susan Small's bistro slip with demure neckline etched in sparklers, cut low to a deep scooped back and small bow, fluid flaring skirt. £15 12s. 6d. at Fenwicks.

Alone in a Bristol Cream bodega with enough sherry to retail at about four million pounds. Cold shoulder Nina Ricci dress in jet wild silk; long stole doubles as sleeve. The 61 Shop. Gilt bangles, Christian Dior.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

- P. 684 *San-Clair cocktail dress at: Hilda Hanson, Nottingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield*
- P. 684 *Nettie Vogue's silk cocktail dress at: Burger Fashions Limited, Leeds; Salon Fay, Manchester*
- P. 686 *Susan Small's black chiffon dress at: County Clothes, Cheltenham, Bath and Bristol*
- P. 687 *Spectator Sports' pure silk dress at: Jerimain, Worcester; Toni Counsell Limited, Tunbridge Wells*
- P. 688 *Frank Usher's short lace evening dress at: Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Rackhams of Birmingham*
- P. 688 *Bettina skirt and blouse at: Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield; Elizabeth Hinton, Brighton*
- P. 689 *London Town dress with ruffles at: County Clothes, Cheltenham; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead*
- P. 689 *Marcel Fenez broderie anglaise dress at: Cyril Livingstone, Leeds; Bobby's of Eastbourne*
- P. 690 *Susan Small's wool cocktail dress at: County Clothes, Cheltenham, Bath and Bristol*



VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE COMEDY THEATRE
(PATRICIA ROUTLEDGE, TERENCE COOPER,
BERNARD CRIBBINS, JOYCE BLAIR)

Good clean fun

THE COMIC SMALL MUSICAL *Little Mary Sunshine* is now in its third year in a New York theatre of the kind correctly described as being "off Broadway." In other words, it has not attempted there, and doesn't attempt here, to compete directly against vast musical productions with world-wide publicity. It has its own manner, its own scope, and the only thing it may have in common with its spectacular contemporaries is the possibility of a comfortably long run.

Little Mary Sunshine is, in fact, a

pastiche of the type of American operette given at the turn of the century, in which the plot was negligible, the dialogue marvellously predictable, the music agreeable and the heroine's virtue unassailable. Mr. Besoyan, who is responsible for book, music and lyrics in the present piece of fun, has obviously enjoyed himself a great deal. He has evoked the pretty artificiality and the theatrical conventions of the period, he has mocked them without malice but not without wit, and the result, though it could be nostalgic to the oldest members of the audience, should bring only appreciative smiles from the others.

The plot, whenever one catches a glimpse of it, is in the tradition of classical Edwardian—or Theodore Rooseveltian—musical comedy. A pretty girl, Miss Mary herself, owns an inn on a Colorado mountainside and her prim hospitality is extended to her friends, the U.S. Forest Rangers, her foster-parent, a Red Indian chief, and such transient and improbable guests as a gaggle of girls from a New England finishing school, who come in handy for teaming up with the Rangers in such rousing numbers as "Look for a Sky of Blue."

Captain Jim, gallant commander of men, declares his love for Miss Mary before setting out on a lone and dangerous mission and returns in time to save

her from the dastardly advances of a renegade Indian who, complete with tomahawk and war paint, is attempting to steal a kiss. Yellow Feather never gets his kiss, but nor does the brave captain for that, in spite of many vocal declarations of love, would be Going Too Far. Nevertheless the piece ends in concord and harmony with the lovers hand in hand, the soubrette reconciled to the timorous Ranger of her choice and the bad Indian miraculously invested with all the manly American virtues.

Miss Patricia Routledge's Miss Mary is a pre-*Floradora* performance of great virtuosity. She is very well cast indeed, even to her particular type of good looks which approximate to such stage and postcard beauties as Miss Phyllis Dare in her youth. Her clothes, like all the costumes in the production, are exactly, wittily right, even to those objects which, in a search for accuracy would, I suppose, come under the heading of footwear.

Mr. Terence Cooper, as Captain Jim, very properly towers above the slight form of his loved one, which gives him the practical advantage of not getting tied up in her Mary Pickford ringlets, and Nancy Twinkle, a soubrette in the George Edwardes tradition, bobbishly played by Miss Joyce Blair, scampers about the stage like a jet-propelled kitten.

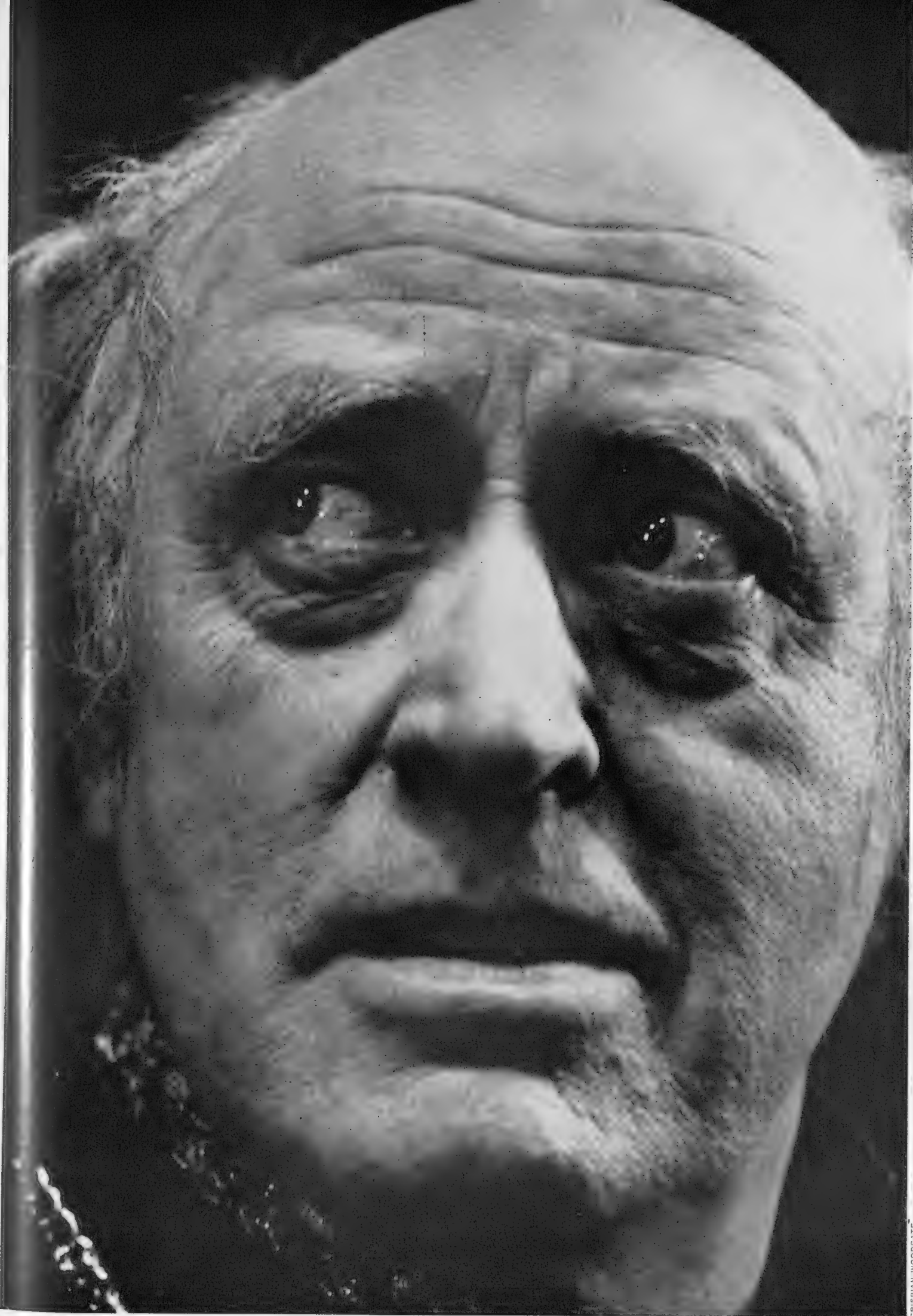
In an entertainment of this kind the humour is, of course, inherent in the situation itself: the fact that the play is not just an escape from reality but a snook cocked at the whole conception of reality on the stage. The whole cast appear to be playing as broadly as they like though, if one scrutinizes the production more closely, it is clear that Mr. Paddy Stone's direction has been both wily and ingenious; designed to keep the action throughout on the permissible side of vaudeville farce.

Mr. Bernard Cribbins, for instance, whose performance as Corporal Billy, the Rangers' faint-hearted second-in-command, is often hilarious, stops short of clowning and relies successfully on his own natural liveliness and the comedy of his lines. The scene in which he sings and prances round a teepee, to the passive accompaniment of a feathered Big Chief, is a delight and so, by the same token, is Miss Blair's number, "Mata Hari," a highly individual explanation of what women spies get up to.

Clearly, this is a diversion which is going to provoke strong pros and cons in audiences. Some theatregoers will dismiss it as nonsense; some will expect it to be unconsciously funny, which it is not. And some will quite simply enjoy it, perhaps more than they expected to. One criterion, and a useful one, is the mood in which one leaves a theatre, and as for myself I left it amused and grateful for an evening of what is precisely good, clean fun.



Vittorio Gassman faces the moment of truth in the arena in *Barabbas* at the New Odeon, Haymarket. Elspeth Grant reviews films on page 694



CRISPIN WOODGATE

Alastair Sim as Prospero in Oliver Neville's production of *The Tempest* at the Old Vic, which will be reviewed in next week's Verdicts

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

THAT TOUCH OF MINK DIRECTOR DELBERT MANN (DORIS DAY, CARY GRANT, GIG YOUNG, AUDREY MEADOWS) **GUNS IN THE AFTERNOON** DIRECTOR SAM PECKINPAH (JOEL MCCREA, RANDOLPH SCOTT, MARIETTE HARTLEY, RONALD STARR)

Moral disarmament

IF A GOOD-LOOKING AMERICAN MULTI-millionaire takes a girl to Bermuda with seduction in mind, that is perfectly O.K.: he is simply engaging in the pursuit of happiness—as is his inalienable right, according to the Constitution. But if a homely, modestly salaried clerk with similar intentions whirls a girl off to a cheap motel, which is all he can afford, that is outrageous: the fellow is an out and out cad and deserves to be shot. Such are the implications of **That Touch Of Mink**—one of the glossiest, most immoral and undemocratic comedies Hollywood has ever sent us. I confidently predict that this film will make a fortune at the box-office. I am equally certain it will give any number of foolish young girls some quite deplorable ideas and a false set of values. It is stuffed—over-stuffed, in fact—with hilarious gags and gimmicks and I don't deny it made me laugh a good deal: all the same, I regard it as potentially subversive.

Miss Doris Day, an out-of-work computer operator with indubitable sex-appeal, spends her days (and nights, too, I shouldn't wonder) giving the brush-off to predatory males. The lecherous clerk (Mr. John Astin) at the unemployment office where she draws her weekly cheque is soundly slapped down in the first reel: Miss Day, one rejoices to see, is a gal of incorruptible virtue. Mr. Cary

Grant, a handsome multi-millionaire bachelor, is a man of allegedly irresistible charm. It irks his financial adviser (Mr. Gig Young in the sort of blithely psychopathic role that demands Mr. Tony Randall) that Mr. Grant gets his own way in everything and nobody ever stands up to him. Mr. Young views the meeting of the incorruptible and the irresistible with passionate interest: surely, at last, Mr. Grant is going to be taken down a peg or two.

Nothing of the kind. Mr. Grant fixes Miss Day with an appraising, beady eye and into her china-blue ones comes a melting, dreamy look which indicates she is lost. In no time (and a specially chartered plane) she is speeding to Bermuda, rapturously clutching to her bosom a mink-lined coat—the most covetable item in an extravagant wardrobe with which Mr. Grant has provided her in anticipation of favours to come. The dear girl is so overcome with embarrassment at the thought of actually going to bed with Mr. Grant—though this was the sole object of the exercise—that she breaks out in a nervous rash and has to be given a sedative which puts her out for the count. Mr. Grant, thwarted, flies home to New York. Fortifying herself with a bottle of Scotch, Miss Day summons him back; by the time he arrives she is, though willing, drunk and incapable—and again he leaves her, this time, one hopes, for good.

Miss Day, now madly in love, is distraught—but Mr. Young comes smartly along with the suggestion that she should arouse Mr. Grant's jealousy by pretending to spend a night at a motel with the despised Mr. Astin: this, he is sure, will bring Mr. Grant pantingly to heel—and the wages of intended sin can be matrimony as well as mink.

Miss Day has blossomed out into a

highly accomplished comedienne and is very pleasing to watch. Mr. Grant, on the other hand, seems somehow to have become a sort of wooden image of his former self and his performance, though polished, smacks of the mechanical. The early part of the film is somewhat scrappy and disjointed—broken up by endless telephone conversations—but I think you will find the rest of it pretty good fun. Only don't believe a word of it—that's all.

Even if it did not give those granite-pussed old-timers, Messrs. Joel McCrea and Randolph Scott, the chance—admirably taken—of making a splendid comeback, **Guns In The Afternoon** is a Western that would be well worth seeing for its beautiful scenery and magnificent colour photography. Mr. McCrea, a veteran gunman, is hired by a bank to bring down gold from them thar hills where it is mined to the pioneer town in the valley. To help him on this dangerous job he recruits his old buddy, Mr. Scott, and the latter's young pardner, Mr. Ronald Starr: he knows they are probably scheming to doublecross him and steal the gold but he just has to trust them and hope for the best.

Miss Mariette Hartley, a newcomer to me, gives a strikingly good performance as the backwoods girl who involves the three gold transporters in a battle with five ferocious hill-billy brothers, who to the horror of chivalrous Mr. McCrea, seem to regard her as common property because she has rashly married one of them. When Mr. McCrea is killed, Mr. Scott, who had indeed planned to pinch the gold, nobly decides that for the sake of his old pal's reputation he will see that the bank gets its due. There is no pretence that Messrs. McCrea and Scott are as spry as they used to be, but they are still ruggedly masculine and I was glad to see them again.

BOOKS

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE GREAT OCCASION BY ISABEL COLEGATE (BLOND, 16s.) **THE UPSTAIRS DONKEY** BY JAMES MORRIS (FABER, 13s. 6d.) **DRAMA & SOCIETY IN THE AGE OF JOHNSON** BY L. C. KNIGHTS (PENGUIN, 8s. 6d.) **THE GOLDEN ORIOLE** BY H. E. BATES (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 16s.) **STRAVINSKY IN CONVERSATION WITH ROBERT CRAFT** (PELICAN, 7s. 6d.) **STRAVINSKY AT REHEARSAL** BY MILEIN COSMAN (DENNIS DOBSON, 15s.) **AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES** ED. OLIVER LAWSON DICK (PENGUIN 12s. 6d.) **SELECTED POEMS OF THOM GUNN & TED HUGHES** (FABER, 5s.) **FUN ON WHEELS** BY DAVE GARROWAY (MULLER, 8s. 6d.) **THE FAIR TO MIDDLING** BY ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL (PUFFIN, 3s. 6d.) **MILORD & MILADY** BY NINA EPTON (CLDBOURNE, 21s.) **ANGER & AFTER** BY JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR (METHUEN, 30s.) **THE SKY FALLS** BY LORENZA MAZZETTI (BODLEY HEAD, 13s. 6d.) **THE HEADMASTER'S DAUGHTER** BY CORINNA COCHRANE (DUCKWORTH, 13s. 6d.)

Five rich girls

I DON'T BELIEVE **The Great Occasion**, by Isabel Colegate, could have been written by a man, which, in this case, is to say it has most of the feminine virtues in fiction—wit, irony, a sharp delicacy of observation, enough sentimentality of a dryish, self-mocking kind, and a great *besoin de plaire* blessedly expressed in making things enjoyable for the reader with buckets of dialogue and an extra ration of charm for all the characters (maybe in fact Miss Colegate is a touch spendthrift with the charm, but on the starvation rations we've been getting elsewhere lately, I am not one to complain).

The book has fairytale elements crossed with a slightly Mitfordish colouring: eccentric, deeply emotional, unpredictable industrialist, lonely after the deaths of both wife and mistress,

tries to look after family of five daughters, one bossy, one nice, one neurotic, one clever and one beautiful, sad and slutty. Though not Hons, they are rich and rather grand, and Miss Colegate with cunning and considerable wit follows their marriages, elopements, battles and disasters. By the end of the book there is hope for Angel the silly pretty, and Selina the upright youngest, but Charlotte, the rather too radiant innocent painter, has died of cancer (the author plays this for all the tears she can gallantly wring out of it) and Angel herself has been gently rejected by an eccentric and impotent peer who keeps a private zoo in a vast country house and encourages two black leopards to run by the side of his car.

What is nice about Miss Colegate is the spryness and brightness of her eye and the coolness of her tone of voice. I cherish her especially on girls' schools and the peculiar kind of horror of

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bullying among girls. The whole mixture may be a trifle too sweet for some tastes, but I found it an admirable hot-bath book in the best possible tradition of light fiction with a cutting edge.

James Morris is in some ways an unnerving phenomenon—the journalist more than capable of writing about anything, the travel writer of inordinate grace, style and perspicacity, a writer in fact so funny, so intelligent and responsive to place and people that he has long been my particular hero, and it seems ungrateful to find oneself faintly bothered by the qualities I usually admire in a writer—detachment, blandness, an odd tendency to disappear as the person behind the style, leaving behind an elegant smile like the Cheshire Cat's. All this is by the way, and is merely a self-indulgent introduction to an adorable book of children's stories—folk-stories retold in a particular Morris manner—called **The Upstairs Donkey**, with illustrations by Pauline Baynes. I heartily recommend it for children, but give yourself the pleasure of reading the stories aloud.

Briefly . . . I enjoyed a solid, magnificent new Peregrine called **Drama & Society in the Age of Johnson**, by L. C. Knights. . . . The new H. E. Bates short story collection is called **The Golden Oriole** and will I feel sure delight Bates fans as much as ever. . . .

There are two books on Stravinsky, the marvellous "conversations," now published in Penguin as **Stravinsky in Conversation With Robert Craft**, and Milein Cosman's drawings of **Stravinsky at Rehearsal**, with an introduction by Hans Keller. . . .

Easily the most amusing, catty, unreliable, gossipy and thoroughly rewarding book of the week is **Aubrey's Brief Lives**, edited by Oliver Lawson Dick and elegantly reprinted in Peregrine. . . . Faber paperbacks have brought out a **Selected Poems** from the work of the two young poets I fancy and revere most in this country, Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes. . . . **Fun on Wheels** by Dave Garroway is the depressing title of an invaluable small book that tells you how to keep children peacefully employed during a car journey—though I doubt the existence of any parent, whether driving at the time or not, who could pick a car journey as a likely time for asking such unanswerable true-or-false questions as, "The planets Pluto, Uranus, Mars, Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Neptune and Mercury can all be seen with the naked eye" . . . and Puffins have issued one of the most brilliant, memorable and verbally dazzling moralities ever written, a freak on any count but somehow enchanting, Arthur Calder-Marshall's **The Fair to Middling**. Goodness knows whether this is really a children's book or not; what is

sure is that it is some kind of wild unbiddable minor masterpiece, unique of its kind. . . . **Milord & Milady** by Nina Epton is a highly diverting lightweight scissors-&-paste job that collects anecdotes of startling eccentricity and Gothic grandeur about our weirder aristocracy, who shut themselves in cupboards, hunted five days a week but never spoke, hired special trains to take them from the House of Commons to the hunting field, hewed coal, forded the Thames and incessantly and joyously climbed into fancy dress. . . . **Anger & After** by John Russell Taylor is a level-headed, easy-voiced discussion on the boom in English dramatists since *Look Back in Anger*. . . . Lorenza Mazzetti's **The Sky Falls** is a prize-winning first novel, here translated by Marguerite Waldman. It is the story of a pair of small orphan girls living with their Jewish uncle in Tuscany during the last war, and the tragedy that overwhelms the household. It has been much admired, but I fought unsuccessfully against finding it self-conscious, artificial, tricky and so inevitably a prizewinner that one saw the judges' decision looming on page four . . . and **The Headmaster's Daughter** by Corinna Cochrane is a cool, splendidly catty novel about a first love-affair between the daughter of the head of a boys' school and an appalling master.

RECORDS GERALD LASCCELLES

A STUDY IN FRUSTRATION BY FLETCHER HENDERSON (4 VOLS.) **THE BEST OF ELLA** BY ELLA FITZGERALD (2 VOLS.) **LAST SESSION** BY BIG BILL BROONZY (2 VOLS.) **JAZZ SOUNDS OF THE TWENTIES** (4 VOLS.)

Research rewarded

SO MANY SETS OF IMPORTANT HISTORICAL records have been issued in recent months that I have purposely delayed commenting on them until each complete set was available. Philips launch their CBS series with a four volume set devoted to the work of Fletcher Henderson, the leader and style setter of big band jazz in the '20s. **A Study in Frustration** (CBS62001-4) offers 64 titles, carefully prepared by that most diligent American connoisseur John Hammond. It seems that Henderson was a very bad businessman, and suffered at the hands of small-time agents who at that time were the only bookers of negro bands. Despite this he was able to collect a fabulous number of top-flight soloists in his band, and everyone who worked for him was always happy. He paved the way to stardom for Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Jimmy Harrison, Rex Stewart, Tommy Ladnier, and Buster Bailey, among many others.

Several of the pieces in Vol. 4 will be recognizable as the original versions of themes which became best sellers when played by Benny Goodman. This collection could well be described as the history of big band jazz from 1923 to 1939. It is a fitting epitaph for Henderson, who died in 1952, partially paralysed, after setting the pace for nearly two decades.

The Best of Ella (AH16/22) is historical, too, in the sense that her first hit record, made under the baton of Chick Webb, was a 1938 version of *A-tisket a-tasket*, which opens this two-album selection of themes she made under the Decca label. An introduction to her well-known approach to improvisation is provided by a track on the first volume where she is teamed with the Ink Spots, dating back to 1944. This is further underlined by the developments which she made in "scat" or bop singing, i.e. without words, simulating the solo instrumental line. *Flying home* and *Lady be good* are her best-known pieces in this vein, but *How high the moon* carries her a stage further. Volume 2 features no scat, but presents several best sellers, including *World on a string* and *Mr. Paganini* from the early '50s. The set is mostly notable for the dreary accompaniments, but she has now changed to the rigours of jazz at the Philharmonic and the wider scope that

Norman Granz can offer in this field.

Few artists enjoyed the wide popularity and yet preserved the complete integrity that Big Bill Broonzy did. I have met a number of these remarkable characters in my pursuit of jazz, but none more likeable than Big Bill. He was a sick man when he made his last session in 1957, just a year before he died, yet **Big Bill Broonzy's Last Session** (CLP1544/1551) has that gripping, almost overwhelming emotional contact of one real solo artist with his audience. His contribution to the saga of the blues is outstanding, not least for his own guitar accompaniment, which embraces almost every point the book could not teach.

The comprehensive way in which **Jazz Sounds of the Twenties** (PMC1166/71/74/77) has been annotated by Brian Rust, possibly Britain's best jazz historian, makes these four albums almost indispensable to collectors. All 62 tracks have been culled from the immense catalogue of jazz which the American Okeh label built up during this period. Space prevents a detailed analysis of the innumerable groups, but they feature, in order, the big bands, Dixieland bands, small groups (including pianists), and blues singers (including their accompanists). Each album projects a cross-section of the music it illustrates, but I must emphasize that this is strictly collectors' jazz.



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GALLERIES ROBERT WRIGHT

FRANCIS BACON TATE GALLERY

Mirror of his age

Horrifying, terrifying, shocking, nauseating, grisly, menacing, brutal, cruel, squalid, ugly, nightmarish, disgusting, hellish, sado-masochistic, amoral, blood-chilling, horrible. . . .

This is not, as you might imagine, a section from Roget's Thesaurus headed "Unpleasurableness" or "Fear." Nor is it a quotation from a publicity handout for the latest horror film. It is simply a list of some of the adjectives used by art critics in praise of Francis Bacon's big retrospective exhibition now at the Tate.

Clearly we have come a long way from the time when a work of art was expected by art critics to be beautiful. But there remains a vast majority of people to whom, as Sir Herbert Read has pointed out, "the purpose of art, which is the communication of feeling, is inextricably confused with the quality of beauty. . . ." No artist alive today is more able than Francis Bacon to separate this majority from the minority.

If we accept the Read definition, there can be no doubt that Bacon is an artist. And if an artist's stature is in direct proportion to the degree of feeling (irrespective of its nature) that he arouses, then Bacon is a great artist. But is he? And, if so, how great? Is he, for instance, the equal of Grünewald? Or is he of no more lasting importance than the director of the latest "spine-chiller?"

Trying to answer these questions I am continually confused by the conflict existing between extravagant claims made for him by his more fervent admirers and the "throwaway" nature of his own comments on his work. When I asked him if he deliberately set out to horrify he replied that he considered his pictures to be happy pictures. When Sir John Rothenstein asked whether the carcasses of meat hanging behind the figure in one of his "Pope"

pictures represented some sort of relation between an aspect of spirituality and of carnality, Bacon told him that as a boy he was fascinated by butchers' shops.

So for me, at the moment, the truth about Bacon lies midway between the accusations of Grand Guignol and creaking melodrama made against him years ago and Sir John's belief that "There is a sense in which to look at a painting by Bacon is to look into a mirror, and to see there our own afflictions and our fears of solitude, failure, humiliation, old age, death and of nameless threatened catastrophe."

But although these pictures could have been painted only in this age of the concentration camp, it is altogether too sanguine to believe that they may act in some measure as a deterrent to further atrocities. In fact it is certain that psychologists could argue just as logically that they are likely to incite men to acts of sadism.

It would be comforting to think that the artist's mind was filled with humanitarian ideas when he painted these pictures and that these ideas or feelings will be conveyed to the majority of people who see them, but it would be false comfort. According to Sir John in his introduction to the catalogue:

"The types of Bacon's feelings are manifestly tragic (he told me that he cannot recall a day when he did not think of his death)."

To think constantly of one's own death, however, is not tragedy but morbidity, and here I think we have the key to Bacon's art. It is an art in which (I quote critic David Carritt) "the only psychological insight . . . is into his own troubled, obsession-ridden mind."

If he is successful in expressing it, an artist's obsessive concern with his own Id is bound to produce original and probably unique art. A genuinely unique artist, Bacon cannot fail to stand out above the great mass of his contemporaries who, at a time when uniqueness is prized above all other qualities, strive after it desperately but produce only trivial innovations.

HAIR RAISERS

Probably there has never been a higher standard of hair-style in England, but hair health is sliding. And along with the over-frequent whoosh of spray, the feverish back-combing, comes a depressing thought—will the younger generation have any hair to comb by the time they are 50?

The top boys are gentle and try to serve two masters—nice squeeze soft rollers at Sassoon that don't dig into the scalp, and most try to keep spray out of the eyes (every can carries a warning about this but many an allergy starts this way), bristle brushes tend to prevail. Sterilized brushes and combs everywhere—a trip abroad will convince you that English hairdressers live in sterilized cabinets compared with their Continental counterparts.

But backcombing must be kept to the absolute minimum that's needed to preserve shape—anyway there's definitely something suspect about a nice smooth surface that reveals a mass of teased hair the moment the wind blows. There's nothing wrong with discriminate use of a good hair spray, but the woman who fancies herself as her own hairdresser and madly backcombs morning, noon and night to tuneful spurts of spray is ruling the cat up the wrong way. The Teddy girl with her lifeless, dead-looking hair is a living example of the perils of the comb and the cheap spray.

Everyone has to do some homework some time or other and here are some items that will help keep your hair on: Alberto-Culver make one of the best sprays in the shops — 15s and have two new things in the same high rating. Their Get Set makes hair more biddable for inexperienced fingers and preserves the shape longer. Also new: a Conditioner for normal and a Blue version for greying hair. A fleeting mention for the Helene Curtis shampoos which are on initial short supply from America. Sharp-eyed shoppers will notice a dashing of their beauty-filled bottles in Harrods and the John Lewis shops alongside the already widely distributed Spray Net. Bright new idea for the home permers is Richard Hudnut's Roll Quick which is set up on largish rollers so that it brushes out soft and curvy.

Electric flash . . . flyaway hair which crackles when brushed can be treated at John Henry with a non-static lotion that controls the build-up of static electricity.



CHARLOTTE MARCH



The way things were—heater unit old style

THE TEMPERATURE'S RISING

June's not too early to think about central heating—remembering the May just past it might even seem a bit late. But there's still time to plan before the rush starts and a wealth of information too about the four heating systems available—by oil, gas, electricity or solid fuel. There's no best way—it mostly depends on the problem to hand. Even then it's not easy to make a choice because competition is keen in installation, maintenance, price and efficiency. Ilse Gray presents some of the facts, some of the claims and some additional suggestions.



Glow-Line double panel steel radiator in a hall under the staircase

Gas

THE Gas Council claim that the latest gas domestic central heating appliances made in Britain are among the best and most economical in the world. Gas is "clean, silent, reliable, economical and presents no storage problems." Capital cost for a gas-fired heating system is lower than for other automatic systems. There is no noise, smell or smoke; little maintenance (annual service). It's completely automatic and, say the Council, generally a gas boiler takes up less room than a boiler of the same output using other fuels. There are special cheap tariffs for gas consumers with central heating—the more gas used the cheaper it becomes. Two main types of fully automatic gas central heating are the small-bore system, as for oil and solid fuel, and warmed-air with or without hot water, with ducts and outlet grilles at skirting board level. The Council estimate that installation with three radiators in a two-bedroom semi-detached would be about £200 or a larger system with six radiators for a three-bedroom detached house about £350. Running cost could vary from £40 to £70 in the first case, £53 to £88 in the second. Selective warm air system (without domestic hot water) in a new house could be between £110 and £140 and run for as little as 10s. to 15s. a week.

Points to note: Automatic and

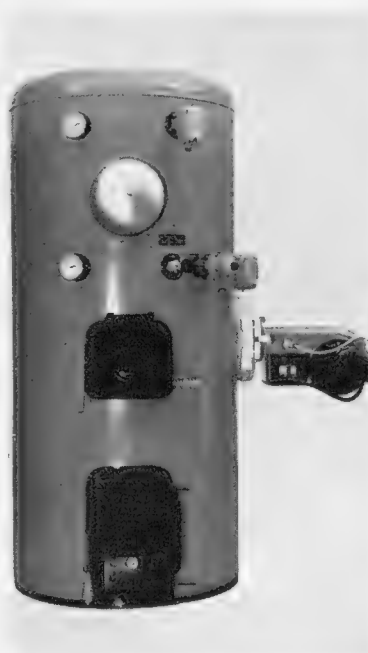
simple thermostat and clock control. Little work and no storage space needed. But fuel costs are high and only become economical when large amounts of heat and hot water are needed.

Oil

The oil companies provide their own advisory and installation organizations—there is no central authority as for the other three fuels. Petrofina and Regent Oil claim extra cleanliness and cheapness—no smoke, dirt, dust or ash as with solid fuel, greater economy over gas or electricity in a fully automatic installation. Shell say that oil firing, "because it can be automatic, provides the advantages of push button control with no work involved. . . . Set against the total expense of, say, a kitchen boiler for hot water, open fires in some rooms and various kinds of heaters in others, the yearly expenditure on fuel for a comprehensive oil-fired system is relatively low. The standard of comfort will be much higher."

Oil heating systems include radiators, skirting heating, warm air ducts or oil-fired convectors.

Most oil-fired boilers are fully automatic and light at a button touch. Cheaper models are hand lit then work thermostatically. Various types work on natural draught, or have a fan. New development is an appliance fixed to an outside wall partly in wall cavity and



Hoval dual-purpose boiler normally burns oil but can also burn coke, wood or combustible rubbish simply by opening the firing door and dropping it in. Heat produced saves fuel. Useful if oil supply fails!



Minor version of the Venner Central Control Panel measures only 12 in. by 10 in. Complete central heating system includes control panel, six radiators and all necessary re-wiring

drawing air in from outside. Warmed air systems (usually easier to install when building) can work directly from a unit or via a heat exchanger, mostly through ducts and out of low-level grilles. New too is a high output oil-fired convector unit (or two smaller ones) sited in a central position which circulates warm air by natural convection throughout the house. It can be connected to a small boiler for hot water and is ideal for open-plan houses. Shell estimate that the possible cost of a 35,000 B.T.U. installation with radiators in an average family three-bedroom house would be about £300 in a new house, £335-£385 in an existing house. Annual fuel costs, depending entirely on use, could be less than £1 a week.

Points to note: Little work, lowish fuel bills (not as low as solid fuel), high maintenance cost, comparatively high installation cost and possible problem of fireproof storage.

Electricity

Electric heating of any type can be time-controlled easily and generally gives immediate heat when wanted. Types include under-floor and ceiling heating (which don't give immediate heat), various kinds of tubular or convector heaters, oil-filled radiators, low temperature panel and storage heaters. The last run at reduced rates at "off-peak" time at night and also store heat for

daytime. Depending on area they can save almost half normal tariff rates. No piping or structural alterations are necessary. Floor heating can also be run at "off-peak" hours but in that case must be embedded in concrete—usually only on ground floors. It is recommended for installation in new houses, and gives "gentle, even heat... warms people, not ceilings." Tubular heating is usually installed at skirting level, particularly under windows, but can prevent down-draughts from skylights and high windows.

Points to note: Electric heating (with the exception of floor or ceiling heating) involves only small installation cost, can be turned on and off at will or worked on a time switch. It is therefore particularly useful to people who are out at work all day, but as electricity except at "off-peak" times is expensive it could be costly for, say, a large family at home all day.

Solid Fuel

The National Coal Board say that compared with oil and gas, central heating by solid fuel is the cheapest to install and run and nothing to go wrong with the boiler either. "No other central heating can achieve partial heating anything like as cheaply. Another great advantage is that an open fire is possible in the lounge with central heating in the rest of the house." New appliances

are streamlined, labour-saving and economic on fuel. Types include open fire with back boiler, room heater with back boiler, independent boiler or—a luxury touch—a gravity feed boiler (thermostatically controlled and hopper-fed), warm air system similar to that by gas or oil. Cost for a system with three radiators averages a weekly 11s. For six to seven radiators using the same fuel (Sunbrite) it might be 16s. 8d. A number of boiler manufacturers, heating engineers and distributors now offer a Packaged Central Heating. It includes open fire, back boiler, pump, radiators, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. copper pipes (small bore) and fittings and sometimes the indirect cylinder—all for a fixed price usually with approximate installation cost quoted.

Points to note: Solid fuel is undoubtedly the cheapest form of central heating—particularly the back boiler variety. But there is a certain amount of work involved (if less than in the past) in stoking, ashing, etc., and, inevitably, some dirt. In some cases there may be storage difficulties, as in flats, and there are delivery problems; some fuels, such as anthracite, are not always easy to get.

General

There isn't a best way to heat a house, it is more a matter of what kind of heating suits your house and requirements best. Don't make any major

decisions without the help of a qualified heating engineer. No central heating can work efficiently unless the house is properly insulated, at least in the roof. Most types of heating can be installed on deferred payment up to five years. Free expert advice and estimates are given by the Gas and Electricity Board through their showrooms, the major oil companies or the Coal Utilization Council direct or through approved distributors. The National Coal Board have also just opened their first "Housewarming" Centre at Kingston-on-Thames with trained staff and a cross-section of appliances and fuels.

The Heating Centre

For anyone confused by all the conflicting information from various sources or in doubt as to which fuel or appliance to use, a centre covering all sources of fuel and the latest heating equipment opened in Mortimer Street at the beginning of the month. It is entirely impartial, has a qualified staff to give expert advice and, apart from four exhibition areas, a reference library with illustrated cross-referenced entries and manufacturers brochures on request. All appliances exhibited will be chosen by a panel of independent experts. Equipment can be ordered as well as seen in the Centre and they hope to set up a chain of heating centres in all main towns in Great Britain.



Ideal "Kingston" Gas Boiler gives full central heating plus constant hot water. For gravity or small-bore heating, can also be used for hot direct water supply. Fitted with electric "Flamaster" automatic ignition



Ductair 22 unit linked to New World Circulyn water heater will provide a small house with full heating by ducted warm air



Courtier "500" Openable heating stove, door slides from sight under top panel. Needs little attention, long burning, easy ash disposal. Regulator setting. Available with back boiler



Sugg Halcyon selective gas heating system gives rapid room heating when and where required by means of selector dials. Can be housed in a cupboard. Completely automatic

MOTORING

Dudley Noble

For Floride, a sister

A NEW MODEL SHORTLY TO BE INTRODUCED by the Regie Renault is a 4-door, 4-seater saloon which has been given the name "R 8," for reasons which are not immediately apparent. It is not an 8-cylinder, or an 8 h.p., but has a similar mechanical specification to that of the recently introduced Floride "S" and Caravelle. This comprises a 956 c.c. engine with four cylinders and disc brakes on all four wheels. It is an entirely new car, additional to the Renault range, and does not in any way replace the famous Dauphine or Gordini. Renaults state that these latter models will continue "for many years to come."

They are, of course, the largest manufacturers of automobiles in France, with 11 factories (plus 16 assembly plants all over the world), employing 60,000 workers, so that when they bring in a new model, production has to be on a scale to match. Every day nearly 2,500 vehicles come off their assembly lines and over 50 per cent of them are exported. To cope with this volume Renaults have built up one of the finest selling organizations in the motor industry, and the section which deals with international publicity is probably the most efficient of any. I predict that we shall hear a great deal more about Renault's new R8 when it comes on the market next autumn.

Many a motorist takes such pride in his car that he develops a kind of fetish about keeping it in showroom condition. Such a perfectionist is a misery unto himself—and others—and must suffer when holiday time comes along and he goes off *en famille*, practically living in the car for a week or two. For such enthusiasts, paper—the inexpensive disposable kitchen kind — is the panacea: a supply of "Polly" kitchen

rolls stowed away in the boot can provide both comfort and help in protecting carpet and upholstery from stains and grease spots; keep wind-screen, mirror(s), lamps and so forth clean and bright, and is welcome when a dirty job with engine oil and such like has to be done. Household paper does away with the need for those dusters and oily rags that get stuffed away in cubbyholes and toolboxes. The Polly roll is an Izal product, and the uses for it are so numerous that I regard it as a "must" for every motorist on tour: it costs 1s. 6d. and, personally, I have a hidey-hole for it I can reach with car stationary or on the move.

As a means of car propulsion, fuel cells may—so they tell me—take the place of ordinary power units inside of the next 10 years. It is indeed a problem to know whether gas turbines or what have you are going to oust the piston engine which has been developed to such a high pitch during the past half-century, and according to Dr. C. R. Lewis of the Chrysler Corporation the fuel cell will be well in the running by 1972. It produces electricity with an efficiency double that of the conventional power station as we know it today, without cooling system or exhaust gas. The prototypes utilize hydrogen and oxygen, which are fed to compartments separated by two electrodes and a caustic solution and react chemically to form water and produce electric power. The reaction corresponds to burning fuel in air, with the vital difference that electricity is produced instead of heat, and the immediate goal is to develop a cell which will use petrol mixed with air in place of dangerous gases difficult to transport and store. Does this mean a revival of

the electric car? At one time, it looked like having a big future, but was put out of court by the inability of scientists to discover a battery that would hold a charge sufficient to run a car's motor for any very serious distance. If the fuel cell can supply current in an adequate continuous volume, the whole outlook for electric cars would be changed. Apart from anything else, to have no exhaust fumes would solve a lot of problems in congested cities. Dr. Lewis thinks that fuel cells will have an assured place in special applications such as space exploration inside of five years from now.

How to launch a fleet of new cars? A bottle of champagne suspended close to the radiator of a gleaming Daimler limousine gave the impression that the traditional bow of a ship might be its counterpart, but Sir William Lyons and Mr. Victor Britain compromised and poured the fizzy contents of the bottle into the car's radiator. The ceremony was at the inauguration of the new chauffeur-driven car hire service of Victor Britain at Headfort Place, near Hyde Park Corner, plus the new fleet of Daimler Majestic Major limousines (of which Sir William is the chief). Mr. Bridgen told me that all his drivers have to pass the advanced driving test of the I.A.M. before they are employed; a principle which is gaining many adherents these days. After all, if a £4,000 motor car is to be driven by a professional chauffeur, it is worth paying a couple of guineas to make sure that he is fully competent. The Victor Britain organization provides many important visitors to Britain with transport, and one couple I met, Mr. & Mrs. Allott from Australia, was off on a four months' tour of Europe.



The Renault R8 will be available in the autumn. It has a larger engine than the Dauphine, but will not supersede it

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Curtain up on crustaceans

THOUGH CRABS ARE SEASONAL FROM APRIL to September, their flesh tends to be dry up to May. From then onwards, however, it becomes much more moist and pleasant. There are the white meat and the yellow liver, both of which are prized, but the white is regarded as the more important. As the hen crab, whose body is larger than that of the cock, has more yellow and less white meat, one would choose for preference the cock crab with its smaller body but larger claws. To make sure of one or the other, turn a crab over at the fishmonger's and compare it with others on the shelves. Note that the tail of the hen is broad, while that of the cock is slender.

Except at the seaside, one generally buys crabs ready-cooked. Compare the weight of one against another. Buy heavy crabs only. Light ones will have little meat on them. This weight test applies to lobsters, too.

To "open" a crab, hold the bottom half in one hand, prise the shell a little with the other and lift it off. Crack the claws with a nut-cracker and remove the meat to one basin. Place the liver in another. There is still a fair amount of white meat in the body. To remove it from each little "chamber" calls for considerable patience.

The liver makes an excellent "bread." One has only to season it

with salt and pepper and beat in French mustard to taste, with, perhaps, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce.

Lobster is always expensive, even though prices come down in the summer months, but crab sometimes reaches a figure low enough to justify one in being prodigal with it. A CRAB COCKTAIL will stand in very well for a lobster one. A good medium-sized crab will provide enough white meat for 4 to 5 of them. There is quite a number of sauces for these but the following is, I think, one of the most pleasant for the delicate taste of crab.

Have ready about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of very good mayonnaise. Add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of tubed tomato *purée*, a pinch of curry-powder, 3 to 4 tablespoons of double cream, a teaspoon of lemon juice and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce or even less of tabasco. Mix these together and season with salt to taste. Flake the white crab meat and add it. Serve in glasses about the size of Burgundy ones. First, place a tablespoon or so of shredded crisp lettuce heart in each glass. Spoon a portion of the cocktail mixture into each and, in the very centre top of each, place a dot of finely chopped parsley. Serve with teaspoons.

Crab meat does lend itself to the first course and a crab salad makes a pleasing hors d'oeuvre.

CRAB IN SAUCE NEWBURG with pilaff of

rice is an excellent main course for a light meal for 4 to 5 people. Start with the rice—and here is a new way to prepare it. Measure 2 teacups of cold water into a good-sized pan. Add a teacup of Carolina rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter. Bring to the boil, stir with a fork once only, then cover and cook very gently for 12 to 15 minutes, when the rice should be cooked with each grain separate and no trace of moisture. Add an ounce of butter and shake the pan as it melts through the rice.

Meanwhile, have your white crab meat in fairly large pieces, weighing at least 12 oz. in all. (Canned crab meat is very good for this dish.) Melt an ounce or so of butter and heat the crab meat in it for a minute or two. Sprinkle in a sherry glass of sherry and cook to reduce it by half. Add enough double cream to cover the crab. Simmer for a few minutes.

Beat an egg yolk with a further tablespoon of double cream and carefully stir a little of the hot sauce into them, away from the heat. Still away from the heat, stir this into the main sauce. Return to a low heat and make sure that the egg is cooked, but do not boil.

Make a ring of rice for each serving and serve the crab in its sauce in the centre.

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

The proved & the promising

"ABOUT AND WAIT" IS A MAXIM I always repeat to myself when carting loads of rose prunings to the bonfire. Fortunately Nature rarely lets the gardener completely down. Roses in particular seem to bloom somehow, surprisingly—often in spite of poor cultivation and wet summers like that of 1960. So, if things in the garden have been done decently and in order, we are now about to enjoy the results of our work among the roses: midsummer breezes and June roses are a combination hard to beat.

The Hybrid Tea and floribundas (and their hybrids) are the types from which to select if long blooming performances—that is from now until late autumn—and neat habits are required. Hybrid Teas have attained such a predominant position (the result of these qualities and of fashion, fostered by publicity) that many people think only of them when the word "rose" is presented to their minds. Rose hybridizing is big business today. It is astonishing how many new introductions appear each season, in view of the fact that a new rose might easily require in the region of £1,000 to be spent on it

to raise and put it into commerce.

Not all these stay the course, and it is most instructive to look back through old catalogues and old editions of the *Rose Annual* to see the process of winnowing going on. I propose in this article to list a number of yellow H.T.s, some of recent introduction and a few older ones, which I think have distinctive qualities.

Fred Howard is an American rose of fairly recent introduction (1951) and one of the strongest growers among the yellows. The opening bloom is particularly well-shaped and orange tinted in the centre. *Gold Crown* (1960) is a hybrid between *Peace* and *Spek's Yellow*, a sensible and successful cross. *Peace* itself can be classed under the yellows, even though it is shaded pink and variable in colour, but the blooms are too large for my taste and moreover the variety is often an unduly strong grower. I cannot join in the modern liking for flowers—roses or otherwise—of a gross, excessive size, though I recognize this to be an unpopular opinion. I have already mentioned in a previous article my favourite yellow, *Mrs. Wemyss Quin*, a bright canary

yellow *Pernetiana* of 1914 vintage, and so will pass on to remind you of two good yellow roses of the 'thirties—*President Hoover* (1930) which is still fairly easy to obtain, and another *Phyllis Gold* (1935). The latter is disappearing from the catalogues, but its pale golden yellow colour and vigorous upright growth make it a notable addition to a bed of yellow H.T.s. *McGredy's Yellow* is a delightful pale chrome yellow and *Golden Ophelia* is another I have found attractive, even though rather loose when fully opened.

Mrs. Wemyss Quin





Butler-Henderson-Pilkington: Penelope, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Butler-Henderson, of Lowndes Square, S.W.1, was married to Ian Alan Douglas, son of Mr. T. D. Pilkington, of Flexford, Newbury, Berkshire, and Mrs. V. M. Pilkington, of Woolton Hill Lodge, Newbury, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



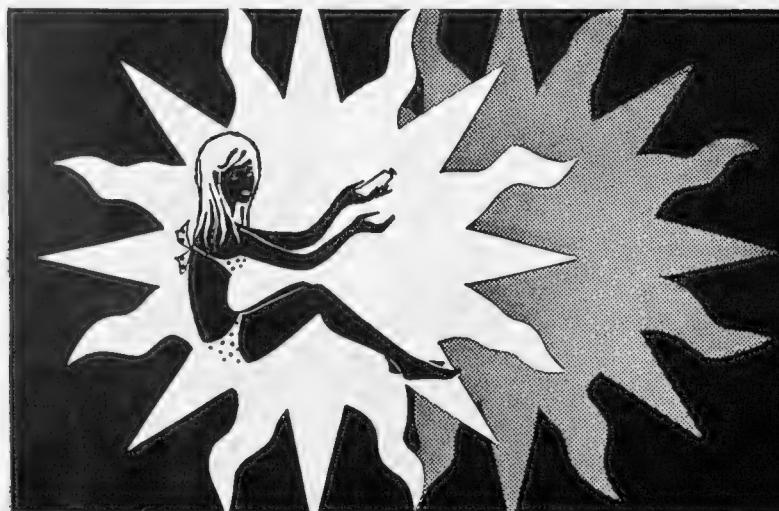
Thompson-Roberts: Maureen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Thompson, of Symondstone, Churt, Surrey, was married to Peter Gordon, son of Dr. & Mrs. G. H. Roberts, of Trevlyn, Vicarage Hill, Farnham, Surrey, at Frensham Church, Farnham



Rodney-de Bellaigue: The Hon. Sylvia Rodney, daughter of Lord & Lady Rodney, of Cottesmore Lodge, Park Drive, Albert Head, Victoria, British Columbia, was married to Eric, son of M. Pierre de Bellaigue, of New York, and Mrs. Eugene Untermyer, of Pont Street, S.W.1, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Sanderson-Hunter: Patricia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Sanderson, of Espley Hall, Morpeth, Northumberland, was married to Ewan Havard, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Hunter, of Lodden Thatch, Sindlesham, Berkshire, at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Mitford, near Morpeth



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YEVONDE

Miss Diana Barbor to Mr. Peter Robertson: *She* is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Ronald Barbor, of Trevor Street, S.W.7. *He* is the son of the late Mr. L. Neil Robertson, and of Mrs. Robertson, of Inholms House, Dorking, Surrey



YEVONDE

Miss Zandra Kennard to Mr. John Middleton Neilson Powell: *She* is the daughter of Lt.-Col. G. A. F. Kennard, of Hook Norton Manor, Banbury, Oxon, and Mrs. J. M. Fearfield of Thorpe Malsor Hall, Kettering, Northants. *He* is the son of Major & Mrs. J. B. Powell, of Aldbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire



LENARE

Miss Davina Barclay to Mr. Andrew Palmer: *She* is the daughter of Sir Roderick & Lady Barclay, of Great White End, Latimer, Bucks. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. R. H. Palmer of Peasmore Manor, Newbury, Berks, and Mrs. N. J. Ainsworth, of Porch House, Coleshill, Bucks



Miss Ruth Hall to Mr. Anthony Bernard Cragg: *She* is the daughter of Sir Douglas & Lady Hall, of Barnford, Ringmore, Devon. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Cragg, of St. Andrews Road, Hatfield, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia



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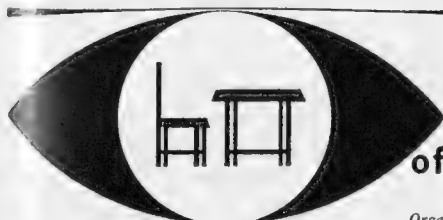
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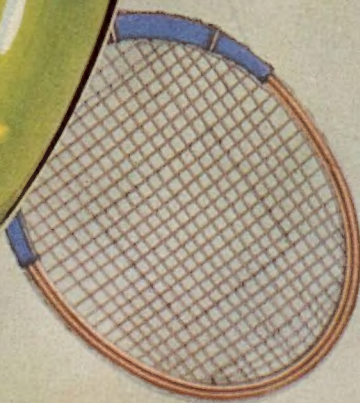
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